THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1829.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.*

Poets are, it is supposed, from their excessive sensibility and nice perception of the beautiful, peculiarly exposed to the assaults of the tender passion. At all events they possess the faculty of giving publicity to their loves and their likings; their mistresses and their friends are sure of immortality; and however ill their cotemporaries may use them, whatever neglect they may experience from the great and the influential, futurity is certain to be made acquainted with their griefs and their joys. Other men are compelled to suffer and to feel in silence, to tell the women of their hearts in sober prose that they are dear to them; but the poet has loftier communings; his fair one must be celebrated in stanzas and sonnets, and whether she is kind or scornful the world of poetry must be ransacked for partial comparisons, whilst the verse which commemorates her insensibility or her softness gives an eternity to her name. All are, therefore, necessarily acquainted, more or less, with the "loves of the poets." None can have read their works without knowing that they had human hearts, and that the high privilege of genius did not exempt them from the frailties of our nature.

The theme which Mrs. Jamieson—for such we understand is our fair author's name—has chosen, is, therefore, an ample and an interesting one; and in her hands it has received all the advantage which judgment, delicacy, and good taste could impart to it. She has brought before us, in a clear and instructive form, the weakness and perfection of a race to which we all owe something, and, in her hands, their example proves not less instructive than their writings. She discusses those abstract questions connected with the human heart with considerable talent; and there is so much desirable knowledge in her book that it cannot fail to prove an agreeable present to her own sex. Her style is vivid and correct; with the history of poetry she is well acquainted; and is evidently not less intimate with the silent operations of the female heart.

Poets, however highly gifted, have not always risen above the

* By the author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée, 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

spirit of their age; the bards of Greece and Rome mention woman without any of those dignifying epithets which have been subsequently and deservedly bestowed upon her; and in Provence, though the troubadour paid her homage, his sentiments towards her were less exalted than those which characterized the Gothic bard. When the age of chivalry had passed away, there came reprehensible days of French gallantry; but this did not survive long—good sense and correct thinking assumed their proper place, and the school of poetry really became the school of sound morals and correct thinking. The history of poetry is, therefore, the history of society; and the loves of the poets, in their respective ages, may really be taken as correct specimens of the loves of other people during the same period. To the Italian poets belong the honour of having been the first to write of love with proper feeling, and their verses gave a tone to the effusions of their cotemporaries; but this spirit was subsequently lost in abandoned wit and odious licentiousness. It was then the fashion for privileged bards to pay their court to noble beauties, and sometimes to marry them. "It must be confessed," says our fair author, "that the aspiring loves of some of our poets have not proved auspicious even when successful. Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire: but not 'all the blood of all the Howards' could make her either wise or amiable: he had better have married a milkmaid. She was weak in intellect, and violent in temper. Sir Walter Scott observes, very feelingly, that 'The wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labour (if any there be) equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities.' It was Dryden's misfortune that Lady Elizabeth had neither one nor the other.

"Dryden was the original of the famous repartee to be found, I believe, in every jest book: shortly after his marriage, Lady Elizabeth, being rather annoyed at her husband's very studious habits, wished herself *a book*, that she might have a little more of his attention. 'Yes, my dear,' replied Dryden, 'an almanack.' 'Why an almanack?' asked the wife, innocently. 'Because then, my dear, I should change you once a year.' The laugh, of course, is on the side of the wit; but Lady Elizabeth was a young spoiled beauty of rank, married to a man she loved; and her wish, methinks, was very feminine and natural: if it was spoken with petulance and bitterness, it deserved the repartee; if with tenderness and playfulness, the wit of the reply can scarcely excuse its ill-nature.

"Addison married the Countess of Warwick. Poor man! I believe his patrician bride did every thing but beat him. His courtship had been long, timid, and anxious; and at length the lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man to be thy slave.' They were only three years married, and those were years of bitterness.

"Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' married Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and granddaughter of the too famous, or more properly infamous, Duchess of Cleveland:—the marriage was not a happy one. I think, however, in the two last instances, the ladies were not entirely to blame."

Poets, however, have not been always unfortunate in their domestic lives. "If it be generally true," says our author, "that love, to be poetical, must be wreathed with the willow and the cypress, as well as the laurel and the myrtle—still it is not *always* true. It is not, happily, a necessary condition, that a passion, to be constant, must be unfortunate; that faithful lovers must needs be wretched; that conjugal tenderness and 'domestic doings' are ever dull and invariably prosaic. The witty invectives of some of our poets, whose domestic misery stung them into satirists, and blasphemers of a happiness denied to them, are familiar in the memory—ready on the lips of common-place scoffers. But of matrimonial poetics, in a far different style, we have instances sufficient to put to shame such heartless raillery; that there are not more is owing to the reason which Klopstock has given when writing of his angelic Meta. 'A man,' said he, 'should speak of his wife as seldom and with as much modesty as of himself.'

"A woman is not under the same restraint in speaking of her husband; and this distinction arises from the relative position of the two sexes. It is a species of vain glory to boast of a possession; but we may exult, unreproved, in the virtues of him who disposes of our fate. Our inferiority has here given to us, as women, so high and dear a privilege, that it is a pity we have been so seldom called on to exert it.

"The first instance of conjugal poetry which occurs to me, will perhaps startle the female reader, for it is no other than the gallant Ovid himself. One of the epistles, written during his banishment to Pontus, is addressed to his wife Perilla, and very

tenderly alludes to their mutual affection, and to the grief she must have suffered during his absence.

"And thou, whom young I left when leaving Rome,
Thou, by my woes art haply old become:
Grant, heaven! that such I may behold thy face,
And thy changed cheek with dear loved kisses trace;
Fold thy diminished person, and exclaim,
Regret for me has thinned this beauteous frame.

"Here then we have the most abandoned libertine of his profligate times reduced at last in his old age, in disgrace and exile, to throw himself, for sympathy and consolation, into the arms of a tender and amiable wife; and this, after spending his life and talents in deluding the tenderness, corrupting the virtue, and reviling the characters of women. In truth, half a dozen volumes in praise of our sex could scarce say more than this."

The earliest instance of modern conjugal poetry is to be found in France in the fifteenth century. Marguérite Eléonore Clotilde de Surville, the wife of Berenger de Surville, celebrated her domestic happiness in verse, which is not yet unpopular: she survived her husband many years, but she neither married again nor retired to a cloister.

Italy furnishes numerous instances of conjugal poetry, and one very distinguished example in modern times—we allude to Monti, whose portrait embellishes our present number. Mrs. Jamieson says:—"Monti, who is lately dead, will at length be allowed to take the place which belongs to him among the great names of his country. A poet is ill-calculated to play the part of a politician; and the praise and blame which have been so profusely and indiscriminately heaped on Monti while living, must be removed by time and dispassionate criticism, before justice can be done to him, either as a man or a poet. The mingled grace and energy of his style obtained him the name of *il Dante grazioso*, and he has left behind him something striking in every possible form of composition—lyric, dramatic, epic, and satirical.

"Amid all the changes of his various life, and all the trying vicissitudes of spirits—the wear and tear of mind which attend a poet by profession, tasked to almost constant exertion—Monti possessed two enviable treasures;—a lovely and devoted wife, with a soul which could appreciate his powers and talents, and exult in his fame; and a daughter equally amiable, and yet more beautiful and highly gifted. He has immortalized both; and has left us delightful proofs of the charm and the glory which poetry

can throw round the purest and most hallowed relations of domestic life.

"When Monti was a young man at Rome, caressed by popes and nephews of popes, and with the most brilliant ecclesiastical preferment opening before him, all his views in life were at once *bouleversé* by a passion, which does sometimes in real life play the part assigned to it in romance—trampling on interest and ambition, and mocking at cardinals' hats and tiaras. Monti fell into love, and fell out of the good graces of his patrons: he threw off the habit of an *abbate*,* married his Teresa, in spite of the world and fortune; and, instead of an aspiring priest, became a great poet.

"Teresa Pichler was the daughter of Pichler, the celebrated gem engraver. I have heard her described, by those who knew her in her younger years, as one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. Brought up in the studio of her father, in whom the spirit of ancient art seemed to have revived for modern times, Teresa's mind as well as person had caught a certain impress of antique grace, from the constant presence of beautiful and majestic forms; but her favourite study was music, in which she was a proficient; her voice and her harp made as many conquests as her faultless figure and her bright eyes. After her marriage she did not neglect her favourite art; and she, whose talent had charmed Zingarelli and Guglielmi, was accustomed, in their hours of domestic privacy, to soothe, to enchant, to inspire her husband. Monti, in one of his poems, has tenderly commemorated her musical powers. He calls on his wife during a period of persecution, poverty, and despondency, to touch her harp, and, as she was wont, rouse his sinking spirit, and unlock the source of nobler thoughts.

"Stendi, dolce amor mio! sposa diletta!
A quell' arpa la man; che la soave,
Dolce fatica di tue dite aspetta.
Svegliami l'armonia, ch' entro le cave
Latebre alberga del sonoro legno,
E de' forti pensier volgi la chiave!

"There is a resemblance in the *sentiment* of these verses, to some stanzas addressed by a living English poet to his wife;—she who, like Monti's Teresa, can strike her harp, till, as a spirit caught in some spell of his own teaching, music itself seems to

* Worn by the young men who are intended for the church.

flutter, imprisoned among the chords—to come at her will and breathe her thought, rather than obey her touch!—

" Once more, among those rich and golden strings,
Wander with thy white arm, dear lady pale!
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs
The aerial music—like the dreams that veil
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,
O let the passion and the time prevail!—
O bid thy spirit through the mazes run!
For music is like love, and must be won! &c.*

"The Italian verses have great power and beauty; but the English lines have the superiority, not in poetry only, but in rhythmical melody. They fall on the ear like a strain from the harp which inspired them—full, and rich, and thrilling sweet—and not to be forgotten!

"To return to Monti:—no man had more completely that temperament which is supposed to accompany genius. He was fond, and devoted in his domestic relations; but he was variable in spirits, ardent, restless, and subject to fits of gloom. And how often must the literary disputes and political *tracasseries* in which he was engaged have embittered and irritated so susceptible a mind and temper! If his wife were at his side to soothe him with her music, and her smiles, and her tenderness—it was well—the cloud passed away. If she were absent, every suffering seemed aggravated, and we find him—like one spoiled and pampered, with attention and love—yielding to an irritable despondency, which even the presence of his children could not alleviate.

" Che più ti resta a far per mio dispetto,
Sorte crudel? mia donna è lungi, e io privo,
De' suoi conforti in miserando aspetto
Egro qui giaccio, al' sofferir sol vivo!

"But the most remarkable of all Monti's conjugal effusions is a canzone written a short time before his death, and when he was more than seventy years of age. Nothing can be more affecting than the subdued tone of melancholy tenderness with which the grey-haired poet apostrophises her who had been the love, the pride, the joy of his life for forty years. In power and in poetry this canzone will bear a comparison with many of the more rapturous effusions of his youth. The occasion on which it was composed is thus related in a note prefixed to it by the editor. When Monti was recovering from a long and dangerous illness,

* Barry Cornwall.

through which he had been tenderly nursed by his wife and daughter, he accompanied them 'in villeggiatura,' to a villa near Brianza, the residence of a friend, where they were accustomed to celebrate the birth-day of Madame Monti; and it was here that her husband, now declining in years, weak from recent illness and accumulated infirmities, addressed to her the poem which may be found in the recent edition of his works; it begins thus tenderly and sweetly—

"Donna! dell' alma mia parte più cara!
Perchè mota in pensosa atto mi guati?
E di segrete stille,
Rugiadose si fan le tue pupille? &c.

"'Why, O thou dearer half of my soul, dost thou watch over me thus mute and pensive? Why are thine eyes heavy with suppressed tears?' &c.

"And when he reminds her, touchingly, that his long and troubled life is drawing to its natural close, and that she cannot hope to retain him much longer, even by all her love and care—he adds with a noble spirit—'Remember that Monti cannot wholly die! think, O think! I leave thee dowered with no obscure, no vulgar name! for the day shall come, when, among the matrons of Italy, it shall be thy boast to say—"I was the love of Monti."'

"The tender transition to his daughter—

"E tu del pari sventurata e cara mia figlia!

as alike unhappy and beloved, alludes to her recent widowhood. Constanza Monti, who inherited no small portion of her father's genius, and all her mother's grace and beauty, married the Count Giulio Perticari, of Pesaro, a man of uncommon taste and talents, and an admired poet. He died in the same year with Canova, to whom he had been a favourite friend and companion: while his lovely wife furnished the sculptor with a model for his ideal heads of vestals and poetesses. Those who saw the Countess Perticari at Rome, such as she appeared seven or eight years ago, will not easily forget her brilliant eyes, and yet more brilliant talents. She, too, is a poetess. In her father's works may be found a little canzone written by her about a year after the death of her husband, and with equal tenderness and simplicity, alluding to her lonely state, deprived of him who once encouraged and cultivated her talents, and deserved her love.

"Vincenzo Monti died in October 1828:—his widow and his daughter reside, I believe, at Milan."

After a rapid glance at poetical old bachelors, our author passes to the heroines of modern poetry, with which she concludes her very instructive and amusing work. "It will," she says, "be allowed, I think, that women have reason to be satisfied with the rank they hold in modern poetry, and that the homage which has been addressed to them, either directly and individually, or paid indirectly and generally, in the beautiful characters and portraits drawn of them, ought to satisfy equally female sentiment and female vanity. From the half ethereal forms which float amid moonbeams and gems, and odours and flowers, along the dazzling pages of 'Lalla Rookh,' down to Phœbe Dawson, in the 'Parish Register:' from that loveliest gem of polished life, the young Aurora of Lord Byron, down to Wordsworth's poor Margaret weeping in her deserted cottage;—all the various aspects between these wide extremes of character and situation, under which we have been exhibited, have been, with few exceptions, just and favourable to our sex.

"The time is not yet arrived, when the loves of the living poets, or of those lately dead, can be discussed individually, or exhibited at full length. The subject is much too hazardous for a contemporary, and more particularly for a female to dwell upon. Such details belong properly to the next age, and there is no fear that these gossipping times will leave any thing a mystery for posterity. The next generation will be infinitely wiser on these interesting subjects than their grandmothers. Yet a few years, and what is scandal and personality *now*, will *then* be matter for biography and history. Then many a love, destined to rival that of Petrarch in purity and celebrity, and that of Tasso in interest, shall be divulged; the thread of many a poetical romance now coiled up in mystic verse, shall then be evolved. Then we shall know the true history of Lord Byron's 'Fare thee well." We shall then know more than the mere name of his Mary,* who first kindled his boyish fancy, and left an ineffaceable impression on his young heart, and whose history is said to be shadowed forth in 'The Dream.'

"Then we shall not ask in vain who was Campbell's Caroline? Whether she did, indeed, walk this earth in mortal beauty, or was not rather invoked by the poet's spell, from the soft evening star which shone upon her bower?

"Then we shall know whose tear has been preserved by Rogers with a power beyond 'the chymist's magic art;' who

* Miss Chaworth, now Mrs. Musters.

was the lovely bride who is destined to blush and tremble in his 'Epithalamium,' for a thousand years to come; and to what fair obdurate is addressed his 'Farewell.'

"We may then learn who was that sweet Mary who adorned the cottage-home of Wilson; and who was the 'Wild Louisa,' of whom he has drawn such a captivating picture; first as the sprightly girl floating down the dance,

"With footsteps light as falling snow,

and afterwards as the matron and the mother, hanging over the cradle of her infant, and blessing him in his sleep.

"Then we may *tell* who was the 'Bonnie Jean,' sung by Allan Cunningham, whose destructive charms are so pleasantly, so naturally touched upon.

"Sair she slights the lads—
Three are like to die;
Four in sorrow listed—
And five flew to sea!

"This rural beauty, who caused such terrible devastation, and who, it is said, first made a poet of her lover, became afterwards his wife; and in her matronly character she inspired that beautiful little effusion of conjugal tenderness, 'The Poet's Bridal Song.' When first published, it was almost universally copied, and committed to memory; and Allan Cunningham may not only boast that he has woven a wreath 'to grace his Jean,'

"While rivers flow and woods are green.

"Over some of the heroines of modern poetry the tomb has recently closed; and the flowers scattered there could not be disturbed without awakening a pang in the bosoms of those who survive. They sleep, but only for a while: they shall rise again—the grave shall yield them up, 'even in the loveliest looks they wore,' for a poet's love has redeemed them from death and from oblivion!"

ANECDOTES OF LOUIS XIV.

CELEBRATION OF TWELFTH-DAY IN 1684.

FIVE tables were set in the great hall, one for the princes and nobles, and four for the ladies. The first of these was headed by the king; the second by the dauphin: at all the five beans were drawn. At the mens' table it fell to the lot of the first squire, who was king; at the four tables which were occupied by females a lady was the queen. Then the new king and queen, each in

their own little state, chose their ministers, and appointed their ambassadors to go and congratulate the neighbouring powers, and propose to them alliances, and make treaties with them. Louis XIV. accompanied the ambassador deputed by the queen. He spoke for her, by some gracious compliment, to the first squire, and demanded his protection, which the squire promised, adding, that if he had not a fortune already it was but right to bestow one on him. The deputation then went round to the other tables, and deputies from those also went to that of his majesty. Some even among them, men and women, used in their conversation and proposals so much finesse and wit, that they caused infinite entertainment to the whole of the assembly. In a word, the king was so agreeably amused, that he was desirous of renewing this recreation the week after. It then happened that the bean fell to *his* lot, and by him, in consequence, were the congratulatory compliments began. He received all those which were paid to him with that affability which so truly belonged to him. A princess, one of his natural daughters, well known in history for her inconsequent character, having sent to ask his protection against every vexatious event which might befall her in life: "I promise it to her," said he, "provided she does not draw them on herself." A reply which caused one of the courtiers to remark, that it was not speaking like a twelfth-day king.

A WISE DECISION.

Playing at backgammon Louis had a doubtful throw, a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent: the Count de Grammont happened to come in at that instant: "Decide the matter," said the king to him. "Sire," said the count, "your majesty is in the wrong." "How," replied the king, "can you thus decide, without knowing the question?" "Because," said the count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty."

PROOF OF ROYAL BLOOD.

Louis placed a young lady in the convent of Muret, and gave with her twenty thousand livres. She resembled the king, and was said to be his daughter. She thought so too, and gave herself some airs offensive to the sisterhood. Of this they complained, and Madame de Maintenon visited the young lady with a design of lowering her haughty and unbecoming spirit, by endeavouring to remove the idea of her greatness. "Madam," said the young nun, "a lady of your rank coming to tell me I am not the king's daughter convinces me that I am."

THE PLAGUES OF MILAN.

By the Author of "The Harp of Innisfail."

Darkly and drear, the red sun bade good night
Unto the darker earth and sky; and shouts
And clamourings of a busy host were flung
Upon the silent hour. 'Tis darkness deep,
Where late the gleaming light of revel shot
Its glory, sparkling down the festal hall:
And the vast earth wears out its morning's bloom
In more than evening's sleepiness: drear clouds
Are waving, banner-like, above the shrines
Of Milan's saints; and the bright garb heaven wore
Of mingled sapphire, crimson, gold, and hues
That might have been of Eden's land, is doffed
For morning's lonely robe. There is no voice
Through all the mighty city, but doth tell
And echo out some story of despair;
There is no heart that doth not beat with most
Tumultuous pulse; and those who riot in
Their health of limb, and gaily laugh their soul
In the wild madness of their wanton blood,
Are grown most moody as they creep along.

Standing upon a pillared temple's gorgeous dome
I looked around me, and the lights I saw
Froze up the young veins round the heart's warm source.
There was a sleepy, voiceless, heavy weight
Of death-betokening vapour, dwelling round
The air:—omen to thousands of the grave!
And all fantastic shapes, that haunt the clouds,
Flew ghastly o'er the doomed city's walls.
The tide of life ebbed back upon the heart:—
The cheek that wore its joyous rose of health,
At morn's sweet hour, was wan, and pale, and cold;
And the wild eye, that frolicked, free and bright,
Looking with love upon all things of earth,
Rolled vaguely o'er the darkening scene that met it.
Young, sylphid beauty is no longer in the land,
And hearts, whose gentle thoughts were mirrored out
Upon the glowing fairness of the maiden's brow,
Were cradle to the rank disease's brood.

I saw a young man, on his path of pleasure,
And careless he of wisdom's tedious lesson,
No moment's grief had all the world for him.
But there is darkness on his way, and death
Is on his cheek and in his eye. Stiffening
And pallid, by his boyhood's hearth, he lies—
He, who, the morn, was life, and hope, and joy!
I saw a mother, with her first-born child,
Sitting in anguish by her baby's couch,
And loose her long locks hung about her fair
And loving bosom, and the constant sigh
Was on her lip, as up she turned her face
Unto the starless heaven. Oh! the lorn feeling

That doth possess a mother's breast, when she
Must see her gentle offspring droop and die!—
A young and lovely mother, when the first
Dear image of herself, that she most loved
And hung upon, is withered in its blooming;
And he—her promise and her darling hope—
He, of the shining hair and artless brow
Of childhood's innocence; to whom were linked
The bashful pride of motherhood; the hope,
Prospective, of his future state, and all
The bud, and fruit, and leaf, and flower of heart—
Is dragged into the grave. Oh! who of men
Can tell the rending of that fearful hour,
When the heart leaps, as its last chord were broken!
In Milan's palaced streets I saw a mother
Kneeling beside her lovely one. The cloud
Of death was o'er him, and the passer-by
Paused to do homage, with the shuddering thought,
To the cold bier, where child and mother lay.

There is no herbage in the field; the streams,
That used to gladden in the warming sun,
Know not the melody which erst they knew.
The old man totters 'neath the ruthless blight,
And stumbles o'er his children's piled-up corpse:
There are loud wailings through the streets,
And childhood's cry and manhood's shriek, ring out
The death-knell of a dying city's soul.
There is no hope on earth to bid life stay,
While the dark angel of the plague unfurls
His raven pinion o'er Milano's walls.
I do remember me, in fancy's hour,
When o'er the storied page I've pictured many
A high-wrought deed of knighthood's blazonry,
Milan! to see thy bowers, and palaces,
And halls, one bannered list of plumed chiefs,
And peerless dames, and princely lords; but thy
Proud hour is vanished, and a gloomy change
Is on thee, for thy children's crimes. Vain thought!
As if high Heaven could e'er blaspheme its own
Dread majesty, by such unholy mingling
With the poor fates of wretched man: as though
The wanderings, which itself inspired, could call
The breath omnipotent into a flame,
To blast the fragile things that breath had made!

There was a change in Milan, and the soul
Grew sad upon the thought, while every hour
Made void fresh places in the hearth and hall,
And preached affliction from the infectious streets,
Where banquetting and mask had passed a week ago.

Castle Lough, Killarney.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. II.

THE MINSTREL.

The vesper bell, which warned the inhabitants of the little village of Dirrenstein to rest from their daily toil, had ceased to chime, and the people had prepared to offer up their evening orisons. Every cottager, surrounded by his little family, was on his knees, and while the soft murmurings and low chaunts of Ave-Marias' were heard to proceed from the lips of devotion in every humble dwelling, a stranger entered the village. He was habited in a green frock, with a small light feather in his crimson velvet cap; and he bore in his hand, beside the staff that aided his progress, a small harp. He had heard the vesper bell, and no sooner entered Dirrenstein than he sank on his knees, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, breathed forth his silent prayer.

His lips moved, but his accents, if not inaudible, were lost on the evening air. They did not reach the ears of Antonio, the owner of the San Martin, the only little albergo* in the village, who had noticed the stranger's approach, and either from curiosity—for his garb declared him to be a foreigner—or from a kinder motive, had kept an eye upon him during the few minutes he remained on his knees. When the stranger arose, and advanced towards the albergo, Antonio left his door and met him. A nearer view convinced him that he could not prove a profitable guest, yet he kindly accosted him, and bade him welcome to the best viands the San Martin could afford.

The stranger shook his head, and assured the host he had not enough of the "world's gear" to ensure him a welcome at even the meanest cottage. Antonio, touched with compassion, and evidently interested by the appearance of the stranger, assured him of a cordial and gratuitous reception; and without ceremony proceeded to inquire into his history.

The stranger, though by no means so communicative as our host could have desired, gave him to understand he was a foreigner, and had journeyed far amid the sultry and oppressive heat of an Italian summer-day's unclouded sun. "Since midday," said the stranger, in imperfect Italian, "I have travelled from Vienna, nor has any other sustenance than the casual fruit of the wild fig-tree and the water of the fountain entered my lips; for truly is it said, cold is the heart of affluence towards poverty and wretchedness."

"Then hast thou travelled a long and dreary road," said An-

* Inn.

tonio. "My neighbour Carlos is the only inhabitant of our village who journeys oft to Vienna. Once a month he drives his cattle thither; and he has told me it is distant four long leagues. Thou must be wearied, stranger," continued he, "but thou art now arrived at a safe and friendly home. I feel for thy distresses, and ill befall me if I exert not all my powers to lighten them."

The stranger pressed with fervour the hand which the worthy albergatore had extended, while the tears that gushed from his expressive eyes told his feelings better than words could have done.

Antonio was a good-hearted fellow: he gazed in silent pity upon the features of the stranger, which, though thin and pallid from toils and sorrows, bore evident marks of much manly beauty; and, still pressing his hand, led him into the albergo. It boots not to tell what dainties Antonio spread before his guest —it boots not to tell how the generous wine promoted at the same time the merriment and the communicative loquacity of the worthy host, and, in some measure, cleared the gloom from the brow of the pensive stranger, who, upon being pressed to sing, showed at once his gratitude and his superior minstrel-powers by the following song:

"I have journeyed afar from my own native isle,
'Neath the now faded light of prosperity's smile;
And my welcome oft read in my host's open brow,
Yet I never was blest with a welcome as now.

"I have travelled a wanderer lonely, unknown;
Not a friend to disperse the dark gloom from my brow,
With my toils and my griefs for companions alone,
Yet I never was blessed with a welcome as now.

"To soften the pangs that my sorrows impart,
None before, my kind host, e'er attempted as thou;
Oh, take then, the thanks of my o'erflowing heart,
For a welcome I never was blessed with till now."

Antonio was one of those merry mortals who cannot themselves long indulge in sorrow, or see it in others without attempting to divert it. He therefore strove to amuse his guest by a number of legendary tales, which, to the poetical mind of the minstrel, could not but prove interesting. From these the loquacious Antonio descended to the present history of his village; and, in particular, mentioned the circumstance of a stranger of distinction being kept a close prisoner in the neighbouring castle.

Observing the minstrel's interest to be deeply excited by the recital, the host entered into the particulars of the stranger's

capture in the disguise of a wandering palmer, or pilgrim ; of his having been loaded with fetters, and confined in the strongest fortress in the vicinity of the capital. The minstrel was deeply affected by the story, while honest Antonio, gazing on him with silent astonishment, was prevented only by an unconquerable respect for his unknown guest, from almost demanding a full gratification of his intensely-excited curiosity.

The stranger had heard enough, and, unwilling to offend his kind entertainer by an unnecessary display of reserve, he bade him good night, and retired to his pallet and his reflections.

With the first beam of the morning sun the minstrel arose from his sleepless bed: he prostrated himself, and, with earnestness, implored divine assistance. He left the albergo, and, without arousing his host, bent his way toward the fortress. Not once had sleep closed his eyes since he had heard Antonio's recital of the illustrious stranger's captivity. His frame, naturally slight, and far from athletic, was, by toil and famine, worn to almost a shadow. Yet his eyes' expressive fire beamed forth all the animation of awakened hope, as slowly, though with an effort to himself, all enfeebled as he was, he pursued his way. Arrived at the castle, the minstrel surveyed, with impatient anxiety, the ponderous walls, and immense and fosse-guarded portals of the gigantic pile.

It was a square structure, situate on the brow of a steep hill, flanked at each extremity by an octagonal tower, and fenced with a deep wet fosse. The only entrance was secured by a ponderous portcullis. On the battlements waved the banner of Leopold of Austria, whose well-known subtlety and baseness of heart might justify the worst suspicions.

The minstrel gazed, with a sigh, upon the vast and gloomy fortress, and musing, with folded arms, proceeded—"The wary hunter, then, hath trapped the noble lion; yet, though strong the snare, the feeble mouse, perchance, may be the humble instrument of his benefactor's liberation. God of Heaven!" continued he, raising his tearful eyes towards the abode of the Being he addressed—"God of Heaven! aid thy unworthy servant." He approached the walls, and sang to his harp, in the Anglo-Norman language, (a dialect unknown to the inhabitants of the fortress,) the following song:

"Monarch, not thus I've sung to thee,
With eyes suffused with tears—
Monarch, not oft my minstrelsy
Has pealed in foreign ears.

"Ne'er before from bondage vile,
From dungeons dark and strong,
I've wooed thy ear—no fav'ring smile
To hallow and bless my song.

"Noble dames have looked on thee,
And borrowed their smiles from thine—
Courtly knights have circled me,
And learned their songs from mine.

"Now foreign guards upon thee frown,
Thy royal robe a chain,
And black, bare walls on me look down,
And wild winds list thy strain.

"Lion-hearted! if thou hearest
My lone harp's loved strain—
Monarch—master—bravest—dearest—
Strike thine own again!"

The minstrel ceased, and fixed an eager eye on the window above him. The souls of them that are risen to judgment gaze not more intently and more anxiously on the all-wise Judge, whose word decrees their eternal destiny, than did *that* minstrel on the window of the tower beneath which he stood.

Richard Cœur-de Lion, for it was indeed that noble-minded monarch who lay here in base and tyrannous thrall, heard the song pealing beneath him. He paced his dungeon in agony; and, advancing to the window, seized the massive bars, and, with the force of despair, strove to wrest them from their place. It was in vain for even *his* strong arm to contend against the iron prison of a revengeful tyrant.

"Blundell!" he ejaculated; "my poor, my faithful Blundell! is it *thou?* Among all that have shared my bounty—my favour, none but *thou* hast cared for, hast sought out, my abode of misery!"

He snatched his harp, which had long been the only solace of his captivity, and chaunted, to the same air, the following song:

"Thy song hath gladdened me before,
When gems enwreathed my brow,
But, minstrel, ne'er before thy voice
My spirit cheered as now.

"The eagle, in his prison-cage,
Hath heard his mate's loved call—
He hath striven with frenzy's force to 'scape,
Yet cannot burst his thrall.

"Linger not, my minstrel, here,
Thy love will peril thee,
Haste, homeward haste, let England know
Her king's captivity."

The faithful Blundell sank on his knees, and strove to ejaculate

his thanks: they were too big for utterance. "God of mercy! I have not deserved this happiness," was all he could exclaim, as he arose, and, with alacrity, pursued his way. Many a weary league did the poor minstrel journey—many a long fast did he endure—but hope supported him—he *did* arrive in England. That country, grateful for the glory her monarch had acquired her, opened all her stores—her golden ransom, an oblation offered at the shrine of devoted and grateful loyalty, unlocked the prison-doors of tyranny; and the spring of the year 1194 beheld the first Richard, the lion-hearted conquerer of Palestine,

"who had humbled the pride of the Paynimrie,"

restored to the bosom of his adoring people. CHARLES M.

THE DEAD OF A DISTANT LAND.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Ye far amid the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear.
Hemans.

My dead—my dead ye are not here! and from the deep blue skies
The stars look not upon your bed with soft and silver eyes:
The minstrelsies of hill and dell have wakened with the springs,
And children chase the butterflies that roam on crimson wings.

Ye are not here! but memory yet with holy spell imparts
The glory of departed years unto our widowed hearts;
Amid the silence of our home, the twilight of our trees,
Her visions chain our being down with beauteous images.

We see ye in the summer glow of loveliness and bliss:
Your hair as radiant as the clouds when sunset lakes they kiss,
Your eyes with all the burning depth that in a saint's might be,
Your lips instinct with magic song or rife with poetry.

Your sleep is in a distant land—it consecrates our dreams,
With birds whose even' song unites in music with the streams,
With flowers that breathe their rich perfume around the skylark's bed;
Your sleep is far away from us—ye still and silent dead.

But our eyes have not wept for ye—oh, more than tears can give,
Is that divine immortal hope by which your spirits live!
The vernal plains and summer woods, regret them not, ye dead;
For light more beautiful than theirs within your heart is shed.

The last fond looks bequeathed serene with your departing breath,
The hue which on your cheeks foretold the violet-touch of death,
The mild deep languish of your eyes to us were calmly given;
But who shall mourn for sinless souls emparadised in Heaven!

Ye dead—your graves are far from us—away—beyond the seas;
Where skies are blue as those that glimpse between our joyful trees;
And we shall roam with you no more until we meet above;
Oh, glorious will that morning be of holiness and love!

Deal.

PARENTAL HOPES,

OR THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter.—A man shall see where there is a house full of children one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wanton, but in the midst, some, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.

Lord Bacon.

It was a lovely morning in June, when two young men, who were making a tour, on foot, through the eastern part of Scotland, entered the little village of D——, in Aberdeenshire. They had passed several cottages, and were looking about as if expecting to see some house of public entertainment, when they were attracted by the appearance of a man leaning, in a melancholy attitude, against some rude palings which stood before a dwelling comparatively genteel. Absorbed in his own reflections, he took no notice of the travellers till they inquired the way to the nearest town, and then he merely pointed out the road. He heard their observations on the beauty of the surrounding scenery with a degree of apathy so totally at variance with the national character of the Scotch, that the gentlemen felt their curiosity awakened; they determined to learn something more about him, for they piqued themselves upon discovering incidents in their tour as well as scenery; or perhaps it might be the perversity of human nature which induced them still to linger near the poor man, when it was very evident their presence was far from being agreeable.

After asking a variety of questions, to which they received only short and moody replies, one of them inquired if they could not be accommodated with a cup of cold milk. The man paused a moment, and it seemed, by the changes his countenance underwent, that he hesitated whether or not to continue his sullen mood, but at length his natural hospitality prevailed, and he said, "Aweel, aweel, sirs, ye maun walk in, though I reckon the gudewife is na fit to see strangers," and he led the way to his cottage. As he slowly opened the door, the sounds of wailing were heard, and a female voice, in piercing accents, exclaimed, "Wae is me! wae is me! my bairn, my bonnie bairn! I canna live without him!"

"Whisht, Peggy, whisht!" said her husband, as he entered, "ye maun stir yoursel a bit, for here be twa gentlemen come to tak a morsel wi' ye."

The interior of the cottage was tolerably neat, but there reigned around an air of great poverty and desolation, which was increased by the appearance of a small coffin placed upon a table

at the further end; near it sat the poor woman on a low chair, rocking herself to and fro, as if the very exertion were necessary to sustain her mental faculties. By the side of a small turf fire was snugly crouched a boy of eight years old, of a sickly and almost disgusting aspect: his head was unusually large, and the expression of his countenance was sombre, whilst one of his legs, either through weakness or accident, was sadly contracted. He took no notice of the entrance of the travellers, but continued from time to time to rock a cradle near him, in which was laid a sleeping infant.

"Come, Peggy, lassie, ye maunna tak on sae, dinna ye see here be gentlefolks?" said the man in a soothing tone, going up to his wife. "Aye, Sandy," she replied, "they may be gentles as ye say, but they suld na hae come to disturb a puir woman wailing for her bairn; an as to yoursel, ye might have kenned better than to bring them in, but ye hae na the feelings of a mither—wae is me!" and she wept bitterly. Sandy drew his weather-beaten hand across his eyes, as he reproachfully exclaimed, "Ye are in the wrang, Peggy, to say sae, for niver father thought mair of his bairns than I did; but come, cheer up, lassie, we canna bring him back agin." "Dinna talk to me, I canna bide it, I maun cry as I list," repeated the poor mother, wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards more violently. "An ye be Christian men," said the father, turning to the travellers, "speak a word of comfort to the puir creature, for it is mair than I can do;" and, throwing himself on a chair by the fire-side, he covered his face with his hands. The elder of the strangers, who had been regarding the bereaved parents with the greatest sympathy, immediately came forward at this appeal. He was a tall, thin young man, not more than six-and-twenty years of age, of a pale and mild countenance, and, from the gravity of his manner and the sober hue of his dress, it might be easily guessed that he had either entered or was intended for the church. "My good woman," he said, in a low and persuasive tone, "you do wrong to give yourself up to this excessive sorrow; surely you have forgotten that he who gives has also a right to take away, and that we are chastened for our future good." "Aye," said the woman, "it's unco easy to talk; ye are young, an the hand of grief hath not scaithed ye, but when ye come to lose a bairn ye maun e'en fret as I do." "True," said the young man, "and it is not forbidden us to mourn for our friends; nature will have its way, yet we should not grieve like those without hope." "An what hope is there for me? ye canna

gie me my bairn agin!" exclaimed Peggy, vehemently, "my bonnie bairn! he was the pride of my life, and I maun die wi' him!" "Consider," replied the stranger, "that your child is taken in mercy from a wicked, troublesome world; in Heaven you may meet him again, and then you will have no fear of being separated; besides, you have still many blessings left—you have other children." "I have but twa, an ane is a puir wee lassie, an t'other, leuk there," and she pointed to the sickly boy by the fire; "ance he was as bonnie a lad as iver stepped, but now did iver a body see sic a woful sight; an here, leuk here, this was the joy of my heart, my Charlie!" and she hastily drew aside the lid of the coffin and discovered the features of the dead child. "Aye," she continued, "ye may talk about resignation, an its unco fine when the heart's well at ease; but stay till ye hae lost sic a bairn as this, an then talk if ye can."

While one stranger was endeavouring to mitigate the sorrows of the afflicted mother, the other had his attention directed to the cripple at the fire. The lad manifested no desire to have his case investigated, but when asked if he did not wish to go to school he turned suddenly round, and his eyes were lighted up with a beam of delight. "An what wad the bairn do at school, I trow?" said the mother; "ye hae na the head, Mattie, to learn like other folk." "I wad try, mither," said the lad, in a supplicating tone; "Charlie could hae done na mair than that, an you said he suld gang." "Aye, but Charlie was born to be a scholar, an he had lived; he was my ain bairn, my bonnie lad, I can nivir forget him."

"What ails this poor child?" said the elder stranger, taking the weeping boy on his knee, "he may not be blessed with so healthy nor so handsome an appearance as the one you deplore, but can he help that? Instead of lavishing this excessive sorrow upon the dead, you would be far better fulfilling your duty did you attend to this poor boy, for depend upon it you may hereafter have cause to repent if you continue to neglect him as I suspect you have hitherto done. Instead of this child being a source of trouble and anxiety to you, I predict that one day you will be proud to own him as your son, for there is an intelligence in his eyes which not even sickness has entirely quenched. Mind what I say, Mattie, be a good boy and go to school, and remember that perseverance conquers all difficulties." "Why, ye dinna think our Mattie will ever mak a scholar?" inquired Peggy, with great earnestness. "Why not, my good woman? because his head is swelled out of proportion, and one leg is

smaller than the other, I see no reason that his intellect should be impaired also; on the contrary, many of our most learned men have been afflicted with some bodily infirmity or other, which still has not had the effect of destroying their natural genius." "Troth an its vera likely," rejoined the father; "an ye ken, gude-wife, I hae often told ye the lad had mair in him than we kenned." "I dinna doubt," said Peggy, beginning, for the first time, to stir about the cottage, and placing some refreshment before the strangers, "I dinna doubt the bairn may do weel wi' the blessing of God, but I canna say I iver thought he wad be a genius;" and she stroked his poor sallow cheeks and took the infant out of the cradle with an appearance of greater alacrity than she had displayed for many days.

The travellers, not satisfied with merely giving advice, arranged with the father to send the boy to school, and left some money to be applied to that purpose; they then took their leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the family.

Some twenty years after this event, a post-chaise stopped late in the evening at the Blue Bells in the little village of *D*——, and a gentleman advanced in life, and apparently in an ill state of health, alighted from it. To the profuse civilities of his hostess, he only replied by ordering some wine whey and a comfortable bed to be prepared, to which he very soon retired. It happened that the following day was Sunday, and as the gentleman was partaking of his breakfast, and the landlady was officiously waiting upon him, after many indirect questions as to his business there, she said, "Eh, sir! an I'se warrant ye be for kirk this morning, for ye seems to stand weel for church and state." "It is very possible, good woman, I may; that is, if you give a good account of your preacher; pray who is he?" "Aweel, sir, there is the business. Why ye maun ken our puir auld parson, rest his soul! for he was a gude man as ivir lived, died a few months sin, and we hae been strangely aff for anither, till at last they hae gien us, as they say, a worthy successor, an to-day he holds forth for the first time; an unco deal hath been said about him, but maist likely ye hae heard speak of the Rev. Maister Matthew Glenarchy."

"Matthew Glenarchy! surely that name is familiar to me: is there not a family of the same in this village?" inquired the gentleman.

"Troth an ye be vera right," replied the hostess, "for auld Sandy Glenarchy an his gude-wife hae lived here these forty years an mair, as I hae heard my father say, an it is nane but his ain

son that has got the living; an ye may be sure its na light matter of joy to the auld folk to see their bairn stand sae weel in the world, for they say he is a wonderful scholar, an vera spiritually inclined."

"Have the old people any other children?" inquired the gentleman.

"An plase ye, sir, they hae but ane besides his reverence, an a douce bonnie lassie she is—puir Jeannie! she was to hae been married to young Robin Dugald some five year sin, but somehow times were bad, an Jeannie had a sair heart on the matter, an darena venture; but now they say his reverence will bring things about as they suld be. Eh, sir! it does one heart gude to think what a blessing young Mattie has turned out to his parents; I ken few wad hae guessed the like of this, that hae seen him as I hae, a puir, senseless, sawny lad as he was. Aye! strange things will happen, but nivir sic a strange circumstance as this was sae muckle as thought of in our place."

"What was there so strange about it, my good woman?" said the gentleman, somewhat eagerly.

"Aweel, sir! its a long story, but I'll e'en mak a short ane of it, for I reckon its near kirk time, and I wad nae miss hearing the lad for auld acquaintance sake. Aweel, sir, as I was saying, Sandy Glenarchy and his wife lost ane of their bairns, an a fine healthfu' chield he was, for I saw him mysel laid out in his winding sheet, an ye may be sure they were sairly cut up about it, for t'other chield, that is, young Mattie, was na muckle sonsie as I said before, an they nivir thought he wad come to anything, an Jeannie was but a wee bit of a bairn, when the night afore Charlie was buried, in the dead of night, a loud knocking was heard at the door, an afore they had time to open it, a tall, thin man walked in, an he was awfu' to leuk at, an he went up to Peggy, wha was wailing over her bairn, an he bade her get up an not sorrow for the dead, for the chield was at rest in Heaven: then he went up to Mattie an prayed over him, an said that he suld live to be a great an a wise man; then Sandy, wha was there, an was as white as a sheet, took courage to say, 'How can that be, for the bairn has fits, an we canna get him to tak notice of aught?' then the awfu' man laid his hand on the lad's head, and muttered some words in another tongue, an fra that hour the bairn mended, and wasna like the same."

"Well, and what became of this wonderful man?" said the stranger, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"Aye, sir, here comes the secret of the story, for whilst Sandy

and Peggy were leuking all amaze at puir Mattie, all of a sudden there was a great noise like a clap of thunder, an whether he went awa wi' it they nivir could tell, but when they leuked up he was gane, an they nivir saw him mair; sae some folk said the lad was uncanny, an it was nane but the auld enemy had touched him; however, it passed over at last, an the bairn came on all of a sudden an took to his larning, an—"

"Stay," interrupted the stranger, "I think I have heard something of this singular story before; but were there not two gentlemen?"

"Na, na, ye are clear mista'en there, sir," said the talkative hostess, colouring at the idea of her veracity being doubted, "though to be sure it was said sae at the time, an our auld minister wanted to persuade folk that it was twa younkers travelling, but I kenned better, for, says I, did ever any body hear of twa gentlemen coming to D—— an not either of them ganging to the Blue Bells. Its na vera like that, and I suld hae kenned weel aneugh if they had, though I was but a lassie at the time; na, na, I canna be mista'en; but I reckon, sir, its a maist time to be ganging down to the kirk. I wadna hae ye be vera late;" and then, as if fearing she should be more closely questioned, the good woman bustled away.

It is surely needless to add that the gentleman whom the landlady of the Blue Bells so kindly amused with this marvellous tale was no other than the principal actor in it, and, as he slowly pursued his way to the kirk, he could not wholly suppress his risible feelings at the idea of the prodigious bustle his appearance had caused in the village so many years ago, though there was a degree of melancholy blended in his sensations when he thought of the changes those fleeting years had made in him. It was an interesting sight to observe the inhabitants of D—— issuing from their cottages, and all flocking, as it were, with one accord to the house of prayer. Here was the sturdy peasant marching at the head of his young family, and the sober matron, with her head encircled in a kerchief of the purest white; whilst behind them strayed the village damsels, each carrying her prayer-book neatly folded in a linen handkerchief, half serious, half coqueting, with the sun-burnt, plaided youths; whilst still further in the rear were seen advancing the more tardy steps of age, some supporting themselves on crutches, others leaning on the arms of those whom nature and affection pointed out for their best support—their children; but all bearing an appearance of great cleanliness, gravity, and decorum.

The stranger from the Blue Bells was the last to enter the sacred edifice. The service had already commenced, and the minister stood in his place, pale, firm, and tolerably collected; but vain was the endeavour to trace in his countenance any resemblance to the poor neglected boy who had formerly excited so much compassion. Matthew Glenarchy was certainly calculated for the pulpit, for, when there, his lameness could not be observed, and the folds of his surplice concealed what otherwise was a great defect—his habitual stoop; besides, in his care-worn visage there was an expression of great patience and genuine mildness, which characterized well with his holy office, and the fire that but rarely sparkled from his eyes, seemed kindled by the enthusiasm of his zeal. On a seat nearest the pulpit sat the new minister's relations, who were easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the singular anxiety they displayed. The old man, restless and perturbed, seemed unable to sit still a moment together; one instant he shook back his silvered locks, and his face beamed with renovated hope and delight, and again his brow was wrinkled with anxiety, and he looked fearful and tremulous; at length, unable to command himself any longer, he rose, and, walking with unsteady steps, drew near that side of the pulpit where his son could not see him, and remained leaning against it, with his back turned to the congregation, till the service concluded. The mother's face was concealed by her handkerchief, yet those nearest her saw that her bosom heaved convulsively, and once or twice her sobs were very audible; whilst Jeannie's clear blue eyes glistened with all a sister's hopes, and her heightened colour betrayed no slight emotion.

The opening prayer was, according to the usual custom, delivered extempore: it was long and impressive, consisting chiefly of ejaculations, and verses of Scripture; at first the preacher's voice was low and tremulous, he seemed to feel that on this effort depended, in a great measure, his future success and the hopes of his beloved family, and he dreaded to disappoint them; but as the fervor of his spirit seemed gradually to awaken, so did his voice rise higher and higher till it gained its accustomed energy, and then all his mortal feelings gave place to the sublimer views of the Christian. The sermon was a composition admirably adapted to the occasion: slightly and yet affectionately he touched upon the merits of his predecessor, and from thence, with great pathos, spoke of the relative duties of life, and the gratitude which children owed to the authors of their existence, summing up the whole by a comparison between the duty we

owe to God and our parents. To an Englishman, accustomed to speak and decide rapidly, there may at first appear something singular in the slow and solemn manner of our northern brethren; but in the pulpit this peculiarity is not so striking, because we then expect a greater degree of precision than at any other time. There was an elegance in Mattie's language, notwithstanding his broad dialect, which delighted and astonished one, at least, of his hearers; beautiful from its very simplicity; it breathed the true essence of pure and animated eloquence, softened by the genuine spirit of Christianity. At first it was impossible not to behold pourtrayed in him the dutiful and affectionate son, so gently and so sweetly did he speak of parental hopes and filial obedience; but as the subject opened before him, and he expatiated at length on the bounty and love of a heavenly Parent, his voice became elevated almost to a tone of rapture, and his eyes sparkled with unusual brightness.

"Eh! Jeannie, lassie, I suppose ye winna speak to me now, sin Maister Mattie is grown sic a fine man, an sic a great preacher," said Robin Dugald, as he waited for Jeannie near the kirk door.

"Dinna say sae, Robin," exclaimed Jeannie, smiling through the most joyous tears she had ever shed; "I ken weel aneugh there be few sic clever folk as our Mattie, but that is no raison at all against ye, because ye ken I'm no sic a clever body mysel; an, as Mattie himsel says, we maun all keep in our ain spheres."

The stranger arrived at the manse soon after Mattie had led thither his happy parents, and was received by the whole party with that unrestrained freedom and native hospitality which results from light hearts anxious to extend their own pleased emotions to all around them. But when he mentioned having once met them before, and introduced himself as an English clergyman, who, twenty years since, had, in company with his friend, a young physician, been travelling through Aberdeenshire, and had partaken of their hospitality, the surprize and delight of the little group was beyond imagination. Peggy caught his hand and pressed it repeatedly to her lips, bursting into tears; whilst Sandy pointed to his son, exclaiming, "There he be, God bless him! an its all owing to ye, I ken vera weel. Mattie, lad, Jeannie, lassie, dinna ye hear, that is the gude gentleman your mither an I hae sae often talked about." "Oh!" cried Peggy, "that ivir I suld hae lived to see this blessed day: it has been the joy of my heart to see that dear bairn stand up in gude Maister Mac Iveson's place; an then, that ye suld hae come agin, is mair than I

could hae thought; and doubtless ye hae heard him preach. Eh! sir, it went to my heart like inspiration, an—" She would have said more had not her attention been arrested by seeing her son, usually so grave and solemn in his movements, suddenly throw himself at the feet of the stranger, and in broken language pour out his gratitude to him, acknowledging that he owed all his present happiness to his kind advice and encouragement. "Ye saw me," he said, "a puir stricken bairn, an ye took pity upon me, and may ye be abundantly blessed for the kindness ye showed on that day."

"Rise," said the stranger, "I entreat you; your acknowledgments oppress me; for, after all, what have I done? I saw you, as I thought, a poor neglected child; I pitied you, and endeavoured to interest your parents in your favour: it appears, then, that I succeeded, and I am more than rewarded for the pains I took."

That day was a happy one at D——, and in the evening, when the stranger departed for A——, the residence of Dr. H——, the gentleman who had been his companion when he first entered the village, he was once more followed by the benediction of Sandy and his now happy and prosperous family.

CONSTANCE.

SERENADE.

A THOUSAND stars shine bright, love,
Bright as thy own blue eyes;
The gale is breathing light, love!
As e'en thy balmy sighs.

Oh, come! still Evening calls, love,
We'll trace the crystall'd mead,
On which each dew-drop falls, love,
Not lightlier than thy tread.

Thy father soundly sleeps, love,
Nor will one twinkling star,
That on our meeting peeps, love,
Our raptures e'er declare.

Throughout the "garish day," love,
I've sighed to think of thee,
Condemned to be away, love,
From all that's heaven to me.

Now on the ear of Even, love,
Shall breathe our whispered kiss:
Our sighs shall waft to heaven, love,
But they'll be sighs of bliss!

CHARLES M.

COLONEL HILL'S GIG.

My aunt is a woman of easy fortune, agreeable person, and lady-like manners, who, rather late in life, out of some romantic feeling of attachment to a youthful friend, so far overcame her reluctance to a married life, as to unite herself to the widower of her early companion. She had, according to her own account, while in the prime of youth and beauty, resisted the most advantageous offers to establish herself in the world; but being of a turn of mind more than commonly liberal, though she preferred a single state herself, she by no means approved of the same choice in others: on the contrary, she exerted her utmost influence over all her connections to persuade them of the propriety of settling speedily in life. She had latterly been trying her powers of eloquence on this subject in our family, telling my mother that knight-errantry being long since past, when gallant cavaliers used to hunt impatiently through the world in search of beauties, the change in the fashions of the times now required the beauties to take the trouble of looking for the knights. I fancy my father and mother were of the old school, for they certainly did not act upon my aunt's advice, and my four sisters and I lived on at home unmarried, as she had predicted.

The widower had been left with a family of young children, whom he educated with the greatest care. My aunt was reckoned to make a very indulgent step-mother, and, excepting a few peculiarities which had acquired the force of habits during her long life of singleness, she was as comfortable a second wife as the widower could have met with. She is rather of a sentimental turn, and in her youth had written many pretty pieces of poetry, which, being mostly of a melancholy cast, were supposed to have given great softness to her character. As her husband's family grew up, the daughters married, and the sons dispersed, and my uncle himself was the first to propose an invitation being dispatched to one of their nieces. My four sisters and I had been rather in the back-ground with my aunt since the neglect of her advice with regard to our establishment; but she is an extremely good-natured woman, and reflecting that we were more to be pitied than blamed, she determined on burying all former unkindness, and in future to manage our affairs herself. Though I, the eldest, am something past the full bloom of youth, my aunt was too great a friend to order and regularity in families to prefer one of my younger sisters before me. Accordingly, her carriage, her maid, and her trusty servant, Joseph, were sent to my father's for me.

"I wonder, my dear," said she to her husband, on the first night of my arrival, "I wonder, my dear, whether Colonel Hill really came home to-day? Betty tells me a gentleman's carriage passed the gate in good time this morning, and took the turn up to Blessingley."

"So many gentlemen's carriages pass that way," said my uncle, who was drinking his wine after dinner, and reading the newspaper.

"Yes, my dear," pursued my aunt, "but this was a yellow carriage, a chariot, which you know is his, and two men on the box, and he always travels with two men, and they turned up past the corner while she stood watching them, and went at a good round pace."

My uncle is a grave man; he only smiled: "There are so many yellow carriages, and the road to Blessingley leads to so many other places——," he began.

"So it does, but Mrs. Finch told me on Saturday, her master was expected certainly some time this week. If I had thought, I might have made Joseph inquire at the toll-bar when he went for the bag I wonder, my dear, you did not think of that?—I really wish he were come, he is such a very agreeable man. The sort of man, Kate," continued my aunt, turning to me, "that I am quite sure you will like."

"Is he handsome, ma'am!" said I.

"Handsome, my dear! who thinks of beauty in a man? You are too sensible a girl, Kate, to be attracted by beauty. No, my dear, I will not do you that injustice. One of your *younger* sisters might indeed with more reason talk of beauty;" she laid a provoking stress on the word younger, "but *you*—— No, Colonel Hill certainly is not handsome, not regularly handsome; my dear," said she to her husband, "I don't think you would call Colonel Hill handsome?"

"Who? Hill?" exclaimed my uncle, "I think he's about as ugly a man as I ever saw in my life."

My aunt could not help laughing.—"Well, perhaps he is plain!—Yes, he certainly *is* plain, but *so* agreeable."

"Is he tall, ma'am?" said I, for I was much amused with the conversation.

"No, not tall, certainly not tall; you wouldn't call Colonel Hill tall, my dear?"

"I call him little better than a dwarf, my dear," answered my uncle, provokingly.

"Nonsense, Mr. Pelham; that's ridiculous—that's going quite

to the other extreme—that's quite absurd. Colonel Hill certainly is not tall, but he is most extremely clever, fascinating, and agreeable."

"Is he dark or fair, aunt?"

"I declare I can hardly tell. He has been so long in India that——"

"Has he been long in India, ma'am?"

"Why,—a few years. Yes, ten years in India you know, Kate, tell more than twenty at home, &c."

"Dear me, ma'am, I am afraid this friend of your's must be very old and ugly?"

"By no means, my dear; you take me up quite wrongly, Kate. Besides, he's no such particular friend of mine; you talk so much yourself, you don't hear a word I say. I dare say you would think such a man as Frank much the most charming of the two, because he is six feet high, has fine eyes, and a hussar uniform; girls are so perverse and so self-conceited. Not but what I've a great affection for Frank, my dear," continued my aunt, looking kindly on my uncle, "but to compare a young man just entering life to a man of Colonel Hill's appearance, you know is absurd."

"Quite," said my uncle, smiling· "Frank has his way to fight in the world, poor fellow; and Colonel Hill, Kate, has a good house well fitted, and well furnished, and three good thousand a year to spend in it."

"Three thousand *at least*," said my aunt.

After all this, it was a little tantalizing to find that the yellow chariot had not belonged to Colonel Hill. Joseph learned nothing further at the toll-bar than that it had passed the gate to Blessingley; and Mrs. Finch told my aunt's housekeeper, when they met at Farmer Cope's on a bargain for turkeys, that there was no word of the colonel yet. Still my aunt always hoped that some bright morning would bring him over to call; he was an old man, and liked to pop in unawares on people: and we never paid a visit in the neighbourhood that she did not expect he would suddenly arrive to make one of the company. But we were doomed to suffer perpetual disappointment: Colonel Hill never appeared, he was still in London; though what he could be doing there, at this absurd time of year, was more than my aunt could make out. "Courting a wife, perhaps," said my uncle, coolly. "Nonsense," said my aunt; "how ridiculous, Mr. Pelham! Wives in London in November!"

About this time, in the midst of our despair, we received an

invitation from one of my uncle's daughters, who was settled at some little distance in a neighbouring county. It was a christening party, and there was expected to be a grand concourse of relations. "Surely," said my aunt, "Frank will never be so absurd as to ask leave of absence for such nonsense! But young men are so silly; and he is so foolishly fond of his sister. I only hope he won't offer a visit here. I hate encouraging young people in idlenesss."

It was a very cold foggy morning when we set out. There had been a great fall of snow, followed by a hoar frost, and I did not augur well of the comforts of the journey; for I was immured between my uncle and aunt, neither of them very spare in their persons, and any attempt to enlarge the ledge of seat allotted to me was frustrated by my uncle's great drab coat on one side, and my aunt's bandbox, with her best turban and feathers, on the other. In addition to this, two newly killed hares lay at my feet, and a waggon and team of horses, for one of the little boys, beside them.

We turned into the Blessingley road, and my aunt made one effort more to hear news of her favourite colonel. She bid the postillions stop at the lodge.

"Yes, ma'am, master be come home, that is, he be but five miles off," said the woman who came to the gate. "At Lord Carwinton's, ma'am, at the hall; but we don't expect master home afore Tuesday or Wednesday week; he have another visit to pay twelve or fifteen miles away. We don't expect him afore Tuesday week."

"Twelve or fifteen miles off, Mr. Pelham," said my aunt; "depend upon it, he is going to the christening: he is a great friend of Caroline's. Lord Carwinton's did she say? I am not surprised at that, he has a very fashionable acquaintance. Look at Blessingley, Kate, isn't it a pretty place? Capital gardens you see, and every kind of luxury."

It was a comfortable looking place, certainly, but not otherwise remarkable, though my aunt dwelt with emphasis on its perfections, for a mile or two. She was stopped by the men suddenly checking the horses to make way for a carriage that was driving furiously down a cross lane into the public road. It was only a gig, containing two gentlemen muffled up to their eyes in cloaks, furs, and neckcloths. They bowed slightly as they passed.

"God bless my soul," exclaimed my aunt, "is not that the road from Lord Carwinton's, Mr. Pelham? To be sure it is, and that's the colonel, I knew him directly. Stop," cried she to the

servant, letting down the glass hastily, and, leaning out, she bowed most complacently to the hedge.

"My dear," said my uncle, quietly, "I don't think that's the colonel."

"But my dear," returned my aunt, "I am sure it is. Didn't you see how intimately he bowed?"

"But he never travels in a gig," said my uncle.

"Oh dear, yes! he does, Mr. Pelham. Don't you remember he came to us, in the summer, in a gig—a green gig. Joseph, was that a green gig?" called my aunt, thrusting her head a second time out of the window.

"I don't know, I'm sure, ma'am," answered Joseph, touching his hat.

"Didn't you look?"

"No, ma'am, I did not," replied Joseph again with equal ceremony.

"That man never sees any thing, I believe," said my aunt, pulling up the glass with a jerk. "Its very odd that some people make no sort of use of their eyes: however, I am quite convinced that was the colonel: I know his fur cap. I wish we could find out: its so disagreeable not to be certain. I am quite sure he is going to Caroline's, that's the road. How many miles did the woman at the lodge say, Kate? Twelve or fifteen, wasn't it? Exactly the distance you know, Mr. Pelham. Very odd he should have been so near and never called on us. I declare," continued she, putting her head out again from the side window, "there they are, before us still! a good way on! They will just be hurrying forward to rest their horses at the Nag's Head."

The Nag's Head was a public-house in a small village, about half way between the regular stages. My aunt stopped there to get change. As she drew her long purse from her pocket she looked eagerly round for the gig, but the yard was quite empty.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed she, "I'm sure I thought they took this road. Pray, Mr. Hodson, wasn't there a gig went by just now—a green gig—with two gentlemen in it very much muffled up?"

"There might, indeed, ma'am, I was in the stable and didn't see. Thomas, Thomas Hostler! was there ever a gig passed within this few minutes?"

"My dear," said my uncle, "how can you make yourself so ridiculous. What does it signify?"

"A green gig with two gentlemen in military cloaks?" screamed out Thomas Hostler.

"There now, Mr. Pelham, military cloaks," said my aunt, nodding wisely to my uncle, and setting herself more comfortably in her seat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Hodson, "the gentlemen stopped a minute just to water their horses, and went on again directly."

"Thank you, Mr. Hodson. Just the people we saw, my dear," pursued my aunt, half appealing to my uncle. "Go on." As she spoke, the noise of wheels approached us, and, before we could any of us utter a single exclamation, the green gig passed again. Again the two gentlemen bowed.

"There, look you out at this window, Kate. Oh! you don't know him. Out at that window, Mr. Pelham—quick. Is it the colonel or not?" I really begin to believe it can't be he. Where in the world can they have been? Through all the cross-roads in the country, I suppose. Its a very extraordinary thing. Joseph! do you think that's the colonel now?"

"No, ma'am, I don't indeed; I didn't see no sabre cut over the gentleman's left heye; and I looked pretty sharp too."

My aunt threw herself back upon the seat: "Well! it is the strangest adventure!"

"As good as the stout gentleman," said my uncle; "isn't it, my dear? But I hope, for your satisfaction, it will end more tangibly."

"Oh dear no, uncle," said I; "it would spoil the whole plot if the colonel were ever to appear. He should be like 'Antony White'—always invisible."

"I'm not at all clear, now," said my aunt, gravely, "that its he at all."

"Nor I," said my uncle.

"Yet they bowed," continued my aunt. "They must be going to the christening, however, whoever they are. We shall soon see, the road divides at the next mile-stone. I declare," pursued she, looking intently at the wheel tracks, "I declare they have taken the right road; they have indeed: I can trace the fresh marks quite plain."

Even my uncle was roused by this, and, leaning out, he strained his eyes over the snowy path.—"Good, Mary, I believe you're right. If it should be the colonel after all!"

"Why you may depend upon it Caroline would invite him;—take my word for it he will be there. See now, Mr. Pelham, you may track them all the way as plain as possible. Look!"

Out went my aunt's head; out went my uncle's. I was almost

frozen between them. Luckily, a minute or two brought us to the town where we were to change horses. There were two capital inns in it. Would the gig, or would it not, choose the same that we did? How my aunt applauded herself, when, on arriving at the Black Lion, we saw it standing at the door!

"Get out, Mr. Pelham," cried she, quickly: "get out for a moment, and look what cypher is upon the pannel. I can see two letters from here."

"J. S."

"Nonsense! it must be a mistake, or they've borrowed one. Ask the landlord their names, can't you? He must know something about them. You see they're stopping. We've plenty of time: we've only five short miles to go."

My good-natured uncle obeyed; but he returned with very melancholy intelligence:—The gig had brought two gentlemen, the landlord did not know from where, to look at a horse of Sir Richard Brydges', which was for sale at his stables, and he did not think they meant to go any further that night. We were all thunderstruck. Even I, after the military cloaks, had had my romance about the adventure, and my uncle, under all his calm exterior, had fully entered into the spirit of the affair. It was a very dull five miles from the post town, and we none of us arrived in the best of humours at our journey's end. We were immediately shown into our rooms to dress. I was proceeding very leisurely in the business, when the sound of rapid wheels drew me to the window. I could hardly believe my eyes. Standing at the door, surrounded by servants, in the act of unpacking its various conveniences, was the identical dark green gig. I ran as quickly as possible to my aunt's room, that she might hear, without a moment's loss, this interesting piece of news; but she was dressed, and gone down stairs. There was a great bustle in the hall, and loud and merry voices reached me, as I returned along the gallery to my own apartment. I left it as expeditiously as I could, yet I found I was about the last to enter the spacious drawing room. It was full of company, and quite a crowd was round my aunt, who seemed to be in her highest spirits.

"Oh, Miss Osborne," said a tall young man, with dark eyes and mustachios, advancing gaily to meet me, "who do you think were in the gig? Dr. Scott, who is to christen my little niece, and Colonel Hill."

LYRICS OF INSPIRATION.

The eagle-spirit of a child of song!—*Byron.*

NO. I.—INFANCY.

Oh, infancy—the past appears
Like dreams that witch the exile's heart;
A phantom-land of smiles and tears,
With sunshine in its sweetest part.
Thou wert an ark, whose beauteous dove
Ne'er turned away its holy wing.
Oh, days of innocence and love,
What rapture unto me ye bring!

The skies have not a deeper blue
Than when mine eye their space surveyed;
The flowers have not a softer hue
Than those that graced our woodland shade.
The streams, the trees have music still,—
But not the charm they breathed to me,
When bright was every grove and hill
That met the eye of infancy.

My home!—its visions are of bliss,
And hopes that have been widowed long;
When these lips shared their mother's kiss,
As rose the cuckoo's even' song.
At morn I saw the heaven extend
As stainless as the summer sea;
At eve I heard the fountains blend
Their voices into melody.

Oh, infancy—there is an ark
Illumed with sunnier light than thine;
And when thy home is mute and dark,
It shall with brighter glory shine.
Music and bliss—delight and love—
The curse of being may control;
But all our dreams shall trace above
The immortal refuge of the soul!

Rills more divine than those that sung
Amid the sunny air of May,
And heavenly harps, by angels strung,
Shall there unite their softest lay!
Oh, infancy—what minstrel strain
Thy vanished Tempé can deplore;
When those that languish shall obtain
A heaven when earth shall be no more!

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

SONG.

Do I not love thee? go gaze on yon stream,
In its mirror reflected, thy beauties scan o'er,
Then e'en must thyself be constrained to confess
That well may such charms bid my fond heart adore!

Do I not love thee? oh, ask thy own heart
Whence arises that doubt which affects thee so sore,
But from an *artless contempt* for thy charms,
Which alone might constrain my fond heart to adore.

CHARLES M.

THE CROPPY.

By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'

The dwelling of the Croppy is no longer visible. There are, however, a few memorials—"the sad historians of the pensive plain"—which point out the spot to those who remember his melancholy story. The grass grows more than usually luxuriant upon the site of his hearthstone, and an old fantastic alder tree reminds his former companions of the spot where his little garden flourished. All else is a level field; and, as the interval, between his time and this, every day increases, the sympathy which was once felt for his fate necessarily diminishes. In a few years the sufferings and crimes of Matty Rossiter must become an old wife's tale; and, perhaps, some one more superstitious than the rest may conjure up his restless spirit to haunt the scenes of his mundane joys and sorrows.

Matty Rossiter, until his twenty fifth year, lived in happy obscurity. He was a small farmer, in that part of Bargie* which is sheltered from the north wind by the mountain of Forth, in the county of Wexford, and, in common with the then inhabitants of that isolated country, he was sober, industrious, and independent. His connexion with the landed proprietor of the place, Mr. George Healy, afforded him many opportunities of improving his condition; for as the young squire was his foster brother, fed, as "nurse" Rossiter used to say, upon the same milk, and reared upon the same floor, he naturally did many little things to forward Matty's interest, all of which were gratefully received, and tended, no doubt, to strengthen the affection which the dependent entertained for his superior and patron. His advancement in life and his possession of the ear of the local sovereign, did not make him either proud or presumptuous: he made use of his influence, when in his power, for the good of others, and went on soberly and honestly, adding guinea to guinea, until he had between two or three hundred rolled up in an old stocking, which was secretly deposited in an aperture between the thatch and the wall of his dwelling. But though Matty was prudent and economical, he was neither avaricious nor miserly: he spent a "hog" with as much cheerfulness as any boy in Kilmanan; and, being of a robust frame and healthy agility, he was in great request among those who were partial to athletic exercises. He was the best

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* The baronies of Forth and Bargie were colonized by the Anglo-Saxons in the eleventh century, and the inhabitants still speak their ancient dialect, which is not unlike the *patois* of Somersetshire.

ball-player in the parish, and decidedly the greatest hurler in the barony.

Though harmlessly vain of his abilities, he did not give too much of his time to amusements: he had an inquiring mind; read such books as fell in his way; and as his mother had in her intercourse, as a nurse, among the great, acquired ideas and habits beyond people in her station, Matty partook, in some measure, of her improvement. He was regarded, by his neighbours, as a fellow with a "long head," could tell of countries "beyond the sea," and astonished the simple peasantry of Kilmanan by his skill in farriery and agriculture. He was, in fact, pronounced to be a "fortune" for the woman who could get him, and many were the fair eyes that shone upon him while at mass on a Sunday; many were the mothers who calculated on seeing him married to their daughters; and many were the little arts which rustic belles played off at fair and pattern* to attract his notice. Though by no means insensible to the glances and smiles of the fair, Matty had not yet thought of marriage: he did not want a housekeeper; his widowed mother performed all the domestic duties in a manner so satisfactory, that he thought, perhaps, his quiet depended, in some measure, in continuing her undisputed mistress of his household.

Be that as it may, Matty indulged in no serious thoughts of matrimony, for early marriage is not very common among the peasantry of this district. He coquetted with a few girls, and among others with Mary Codey, the daughter of his next-door neighbour. Mary was an active girl, and if viewed but once would pass for handsome; a second glance, however, went a great way to destroy the first impression; for though her face was fair, her cheek tinged with delicate red, and her eyes large and blue, there was an indefinable something about her which repelled any thing approaching to admiration or love. Deprived in infancy of her mother, and having no sister nor female relative, she grew up neglected among the opposite sex, and, consequently, her mind was not characterised by much of that delicacy which regulates the female manner, and gives an indescribable sweetness to every action of the sensitive and shrinking woman. When a mere girl, she was boisterous like a boy; and when further advanced in life, she passed among her neighbours for a

* This word is sometimes erroneously written *patron*. The Irish peasantry, correctly enough, say *pattern*, because the *patron* is the *pattern* which they are called upon to copy.

slaumeen, or untidy person. On the approach of womanhood she became more correct, was partial to gaudy dresses, and looked upon herself as the favourite "sweetheart" of Matty Rossiter. Matty, however, had no thoughts of the kind; Mary he had no intention of marrying, for though he entertained for her sentiments of an old playfellow, he could not think of making her his wife.

The meridian sun, on the 11th of June, shone glaringly into Matty's kitchen door-way, when its rays were intercepted by a strange figure, and presently a voice was heard repeating, very deliberately, the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary.

"Ho, ho!" cried Matty, "Jack Lyster, is that you?"

"The blessin o' God an the Virgin on you, an it is," responded a sturdy beggarman, as he laid down his wooden can, of a conical form, in which he was wont to carry his buttermilk, and began to undo the strings of his numerous and well-filled meal-bags, which lay upon his back, disposed with a view to preserve the body from too much pressure on any one place. He held a long polished staff, with a spike in the end of it, in his hand, and his coat and brogues bore evidence of repeated repairs. Regardless of uniformity, his principal garment exhibited a variety of colours, and here and there a piece of a felt hat was stitched on with a needle which carried at least eighteen threads. Though old, he looked healthy and strong; and, from the familiarity with which he disposed of his stock in trade about the house, it was apparent that he calculated upon a hearty welcome. He was not mistaken. Jack was no common mendicant; he had stated houses of sojourn, at which he called periodically, and as his wants were not indiscriminate, his presence was felt as an honour of which those he favoured were not a little vain. The Glen was one of the places where he was sure to stop when he came into that part of the country; and, as he was full of local news, a little rustic scandal, and some harmless anecdotes, Matty and his family hailed his return as a relief from that monotony which even the more simple are in the habit of feeling in the retirement of a country life.

Jack having taken his seat on the accustomed bench near the fire, and a plateful of the best potatoes being placed on a form before him, he employed himself alternately in roasting the "whiteyes" in the ashes, and detailing the extent of his recent travels. "I have been to Charley Shudall's at Lough,"* said

* Jack is a well-known character in the south of the county of Wexford. He was a simple creature, and had a strange propensity of stitching every

Jack; "an as far as Murphy's, o' the Cots, in the Baronyforth; an then I went to the Lady's Island, where I prayed for you, Matty, an afther that I went down to Carne."

"Oh! musha! Jack, honny," interrupted Matty, "what took you among them *hoghany** set."

"Hoghany, do you call 'em? Faith 'tis 'emselves have the full and plenty; an a handful of every thing."

"Any pretty girls there, Jack?" asked Matty.

"You may say that, any how. There's Anty Codd, a strappen girl wid a cool hundred; and Mary Furlong, a real good thackeen: but afore them all give me Fanny Cullen; God bless the girl, she is a born beauty; her cheeks are for all the world like a pair of rosy apples, and her eyes look like stars on a frosty night, and her whole person is what any man might say his prayers to; and, troth, Mon Callen, her father, have the name of money."

"Is she engaged, Jack?" inquired Matty.

"Faith, an I can answer that too; and tell you, she have a mighty great notion of you, Matty. She had a sneakin regard for an *ummudhaun*† of a fellow; but I put a spoke in his wheel, an if you're in earnest, you have only to go an show yourself, an the dickens is in it if she won't have you; for 'tisn't that you're the fore, Matty, that I say it; but the not a boy from this Scollough's Gap better desarving of Fanny Cullen nor your own four bones."

This was spoken sincerely; and Matty found himself interested in Jack's description of the Carne beauty. He made further inquiries, and in a short time was resolved within himself to pay farmer Cullen a visit.‡

On the following Sunday two men well mounted were seen crossing the bridge of Bargie. The one on the right amused himself with cutting, with the long lash of his whip, at the thistles which grew upon the road-side; while the other, more vain, regarded the silver upon his "cutting" whip, the exact

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bit of cloth or old hat he could get upon some part of his coat. When I saw him last it was eighteen inches thick. He spoke the dialect of the Forth people

* Vulgar. † A fool.

‡ Simple life will be found unfavourable to the growth of those sentiments which look so well in poetry, and which are congenial to a refined state of society. The Irish peasant marries for a "consideration," and is not unfrequently a suitor in consequence of descriptions given by persons in the situation of Jack Lyster. The friends arrange the preliminaries; the parties most concerned are seldom allowed a voice; and a fair is not uncommonly wooed, won, and wedded in the course of one revolving moon.

fulness of his top-boots and buckskin breeches, with great self-complacency. "Matty," said he, interrupting the silence which had for some time prevailed, for lack of subject, "do you think the whole Baronyforth could turn out two neater boys nor ourselves?"

"Oh! we'll do well enough, Billy," replied Matty Rossiter, "but what success do you think we'll have?"

"Leave that to Billy Mulloy. I never went as a *blackman** yet, without carrying away the prize; do you stick to the girl herself, whisper soft nonsense in her ear, and tell her how happy you'll make her; and I'll boddher the ould ones with accounts of your ploughs an harrows, your horses an your cows, an every thing else, as well as your beautiful farm."

"An the fortune?"

"I won't forget that, believe me. They must shell out the 'yellow boys,' or dickens a leg she'll put over the bridge o' Bargie."

Such was their conversation, as they passed along; and, after a few hours ride, they got out of, what a sailor would call, their latitude. Although not more than half a dozen miles from their home, they were unacquainted with the road, and had to inquire their way. The farther they proceeded, the greater became their difficulty; and it was not without several efforts, on the part of Mr. Mulloy, that they could extract any meaning from the answers given by the people in the *patois* of the country, to their repeated inquiries. At length St. George's Channel became more distinctly in view, and presently an old beggar-woman pointed out to their longing eyes the comfortably looking residence of Mon Cullen. The travellers, agreeable to the etiquette of the case, now put their horses in full gallop, and, regardless of hedges and ditches, proceeded in a direct line to the place of destination. This method of approach indicated the nature of their business, and they were no sooner perceived than all was bustle within the farmer's house. The pigs were driven out of the bawn, the kitchen was swept, the parlour was sanded; and, while the mother smoothened down her apron, the daughter, all apprehension and blushes, hastily retired to her room to put on clothes more befitting the occasion.

In a few minutes Matty and his blackman had their horses'

* When a peasant determines to go ask for a wife, he invariably goes accompanied by a friend, who, on such occasions, is called the blackman.

heads close to the door, and in a moment they were dismounted. With becoming gallantry the beau inquired for the young lady, who quickly made her appearance, and, at the first glance, Matty was convinced that Jack Lyster had not exaggerated. Fanny was the pride of Carne, and she knew it; but still her carriage was so modest, and her manners so sweet, that her consciousness of beauty only served to add a certain graceful dignity to her air and movements. Though a stranger to the mysteries of a modern toilet, she was not unacquainted with the art which naturally suggests itself to the female mind; she taught her auburn curls to fall luxuriantly upon her neck, and to retire from her forehead sufficiently to give full effect to a pair of eyes that laughed beneath it. Her person, too, was dressed to advantage; and her whole manner was somewhat studied, as she bade the gallants welcome. There was a momentary embarrassment on each side; but the boisterous hilarity of Mr. Mulloy, in provoking general mirth, soon set the parties perfectly at their ease. Matty sat by the young lady, one hand thrown over the back of her chair, and the other occupied with his whip, the heavy handle of which was occasionally thrust into his mouth, excluding, as it were, all the tender things a man so situated should be desirous of saying. The eyes, however, were not idle; and in a short time Fanny's triumph was complete.

In the mean time, the blackman was not idle: the farmer and his wife were charmed with the freedom and gaiety of his conversation, and were inclined to wish that he had been the wooer. Billy, who never lost an opportunity of promoting his own or his friend's interest, took an advantage of the impression he had made, and, under pretence of seeing Mr. Cullen's sow and pigs, requested the former to accompany him into the bawn; the good woman, who guessed what was going forward, followed them; and when absent from the cooing pair, the business part of the concern was entered upon: no two diplomatists could act more cautiously; they endeavoured to get at each other's weak parts, and an hour elapsed before they came to a mutual understanding. When Billy returned to the parlour he found Matty alone, the fair lady having departed, upon "house affairs intent;" and, elongating his face beyond its natural proportions, he nodded his chin up and down, indicative of his poor opinion of the case.

"The girl is pretty," said Matty.

"The ould fellow is as hard as iron," returned Billy.

"Two hundred?" said Matty, intimating that he expected

Cullen would offer that sum, at least, as a portion with his daughter.

"Guess again," whispered the blackman.

"Well, no matter," said Matty, "I like the girl and will have her."

"Oh, if that be the case," returned his friend, "I'm not the man to baulk you, but—"

Here he was interrupted by the return of Fanny, and she was quickly followed by all the materials of tea—*slims*, as Billy afterwards expressed it, that were swimming in butter, and cream that a duck might walk upon. The guests did justice to Miss Cullen's catering, and before they took their departure that night all the parties perfectly understood each other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO MARY.

Thou art a lovely, girlish thing,
Not knowing e'en one touch of sorrow,
Nor deeming yet that years will bring
Ills to dark thee with their shadow.

Life is to thee one scene of gladness,
Affliction's draught thou hast not tasted,
Nor didst thou e'er know aught of sadness,
Or of spirits worn and wasted.

But I will not dim thy laughing eye,
Nor damp thy ardent youthful dreaming,
By words of mournful prophecy
Such as for thee may not be seeming.

But shall I take one hasty glance
For thee through distant years,
For thee gaze on the wide expanse,
The vale of guilt and tears?

Why pause I? no—I cannot bear
To tear aside the veil that shrouds thee,
For most unwillingly I dare
To think that aught will e'er o'ercloud thee.

I cannot dwell on one sad scene,
But in the silence of the night
I'll pray that nought may intervene,
Thy budding happiness to blight.

And when from earth thy parting spirit
Wings its flight and hastes away,
May its immortal state inherit
Realms of never-fading day.

AGNES.

CAPTAIN FRANKLAND'S TRAVELS TO AND FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.*

As every thing connected with Turkey now excites unusual interest, we have availed ourselves of the publication of the work on our table to lay before our readers such additional information respecting this part of the world as its pages supply. Captain Frankland, who, accompanied by his dog, Ponto, has run over the globe during the last seven years, quitted Vienna in 1827, and proceeded, through Hungary and Bulgaria, to Constantinople. His notices of the European states through which he passed are brief, and his stay in the Turkish metropolis was too short to admit of any elaborate descriptions of society or manners: he saw enough, however, to convince him that the Turks are rude and unsocial: the ladies took great delight in spitting in his face as they passed him, and one coquette went so far as to remove his hat that his forehead might have the full benefit of the honour intended him. Much is expected from the energetic character of the sultan, but it is questionable if he will be able to mould to any useful purpose the unyielding materials with which he has to operate: his finances are in the utmost state of disorder, and the prejudices and superstition of his subjects are not like to yield to mild persuasions.

After a short stay our traveller, still accompanied by his faithful Ponto, quitted Constantinople and proceeded to Mount Lebanon. He stopped for a few days at the castle and village of Solima, most delightfully situated: the people are Arab Christians and Druses. "In my walks," says the captain, "I sometimes enter the houses both of Druse and Christian, and find them generally clean and comfortable; the women, with their tantoora and veil, are decent and comely in their manners, although beauty seems to be rare among them.

"The children generally ran squalling and screaming away, terrified by my Turkish garb, white turban, and dog, which latter the Arabs generally took for some strange and fearful animal, they having never before seen an English pointer, which, indeed, is a very distinct-looking creature from the mongrel curs which infest the east. Three luckless urchins, loaded with firewood, were so terrified by my suddenly appearing before them in the forest, that they threw down their loads and ran screeching and yelling down a precipitous descent, never once venturing to look behind them, and paying no attention to my conciliatory gestures and exclamations.

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* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

"It is no wonder that the rayas of the Porte should not dare to face their masters in the field, when such is the terror of the Turk implanted in the bosom of the Arab, Greek, and Armenian infant. The earliest impressions are generally the most durable, and the tales of the nurse become insensibly intertwined with our maturer imagination, till they at last assume the appearance of reality."

The costume of the Maronite women amused him exceedingly: the tantoora he considers the most remarkable head-dress in the world. It is a silver or wooden horn, about twelve or fourteen inches in length, shaped something like a speaking trumpet, and projects from the forehead in an upper direction. Over this unicorn-looking instrument, the veil (of white muslin, or calico if Christian, and black if Druse) is thrown, which closing across the face, at the will of the wearer, and falling down the shoulders behind, has not altogether an ungraceful appearance. The wives and daughters of the emirs and great sheiks have the tantoora richly gilt, and in some instances embossed. The rest of the costume consists of a feridgee, or large gown, a pair of trowsers, and slippers. The hair of these ladies is plaited down the back in long separate braids, to the end of each of which is attached a kind of ornamented silver weight. This tantoora is of great antiquity; for the lifting up of horns is a common figure of speech in the Scriptures.

Captain Frankland paid a visit to the cedars of Lebanon; these celebrated trees somewhat disappointed him; they are scattered over an elevated plain, which slopes down towards Bsherri. They form a thick black-looking mass or clump, and from the outside do not fulfil the expectation of the traveller who has made so weary a journey to come and visit them. Upon entering the clump, however, he is much struck by the imposing grandeur and venerable appearance of the largest of the trees, which may be in number four. Many hundreds of travellers have inscribed their names upon them, and have very much injured their beauty by ripping off large pieces of the bark, in order to clear away a space upon which to write these mementoes of their travels.

These mountains present the most romantic and sublime scenery. The view from the convent, or rather hermitage of Bsherri, inhabited by a Neapolitan friar, was beautiful beyond description. "The river Hadisha forces itself down through a deep ravine, the sides of which are covered with trees and verdure. This ravine is so deep, that the eye does not penetrate through the dark blue haze which seems to veil its mysteries.

The mountains decrease gradually in size as they approach the sea, and are clothed with forests and studded with convents, more particularly that of Cannobine, the residence of the Maronite patriarch. As you face the sea, you have on your left hand the village of Hosroun, perched upon the top of a conical hill, which rises out of the valley of the Hadisha, and on the right front the town of Bsherri, seated on the side of the mountain, and embosomed amid mulberry plantations and large walnut-trees; in your rear are the loftiest peaks in this part of the range of Mount Lebanon. I enjoyed very much the sunsetting, and the beauty of the evening, sipping coffee with the good old hermit upon my carpets spread beneath the rich clustering vines. We supped together most gloriously upon kid, my friend, old Ponto, seeming to enjoy very much the return to animal food. There were two dormitories in the hermitage, in one of which I reposed very comfortably."

The ruins at Baalbeck detained our traveller for a day or two. "The barbarians," he says, "do all that they can to destroy the superb remains of those arts which they can neither appreciate nor acquire. They dig into the heart of the lofty column, to get out the metal pins which connect its masses; they undermine the solid wall, which the hand of time has swept over in vain, in search of hidden treasures, and thus, year after year, these beautiful monuments of a polite and powerful people sink into utter ruin and oblivion, amid the barbarism and credulity of that hateful race, which seems to have been sent by Providence to chastise the pride and vices of civilized man, and to scourge him with a whip of scorpions, until that period shall arrive when the oppressor, in his turn, shall yield to the oppressed—the victor to the vanquished.

"Alas! how has the desolating hand of the Mussulman laid waste and depopulated the once fertile lands of Ionia and Phœnicia! Where are now the arts, the commerce, the splendid cities of the Grecian colonies? They are in the dust and the desert, and are trampled upon by the scornful foot of the arrogant barbarian!"

From Baalbeck he proceeded to Damascus, where he ran great risk of his life in having forgotten to remove a white turban from his head, and green slippers from his feet, these parts of apparel being exclusively confined to true believers. Damascus was once famed as having been the residence of the Syrian kings. "The city from without is indeed beautiful; but within, it is like all other oriental cities, mean and shabby. Its houses are

built of mud, and its windows all latticed or turned towards the courts. In rainy weather the streets are running with a muddy mixture, which washes down from the walls of the houses; and in dry weather they are full of dust.

"The interior of the houses of the rich is beautiful, full of handsome carpets, divans, inlaid ceilings, gilt cornices, &c.; and the courts are full of fine trees, vines, orange and lemon plants, and fountains. The groves and gardens which surround the city are indeed beautiful; here, by the side of purling streams and bubbling fountains, the Turks sit in groups, and pass away their days in contemplation, smoking the finest tobacco through amber and jessamine, and drinking the best sherbets and Moka coffee out of cups of the clearest porcelain. But lovely as are such spots, they teem with danger; for here the pestilence shoots her arrows in silence and rapidity." Mr. Buckingham denies the existence of gardens, and perhaps Captain Frankland has confounded uncultivated groves with rudely-kept parterres.

Damascus was the extent of his travels, and on quitting that city he returned by way of Djouni, near ancient Sidon, where he had an interview of several days with Lady Hester Stanhope, who resides here, far from any European, amidst mountain fastnesses and rude Arabs. Her castle is seated upon a conical hill, surrounded by mountains and deep dells. Her ladyship has built a wall all around it, to keep out the jackals, hyenas, and bears. "I was ushered," says Captain Frankland, "into a pretty little pavilion in the gardens, where I found all sorts of English comforts and luxuries, from which I had been now so long estranged that I felt quite delighted upon beholding them.

"About five o'clock I was conducted to her ladyship's presence. She was dressed *à l'Arabe*, and is a very imposing and noble-looking personage, of great height, and dignified manners. She received me very graciously, and we soon became acquainted with each other. I dined alone, she never eating after one o'clock.

"After dinner I again returned to her ladyship, and remained *tête-à-tête* with her until midnight, much entertained and instructed by her conversation, which is lively and interesting, extraordinary and impressive by turns.

"I enjoyed a nice, clean, English-feeling bed until eight o'clock. One leaves one's carpet with no regret; but a soft clean bed has irresistible attractions. In the afternoon I walked with her Ladyship round her pretty gardens. She has laid out large sums of money upon this place, and has indeed contrived to

make a little paradise in the desert. *Tête-à-tête* until midnight.

"Among the many interesting conversations which I have had with Lady Hester, she related several anecdotes of the people of the east, most of which were extremely illustrative of their manners and superstitions.

"I select the following, as it relates to the two greatest men of which the east can boast—Sultan Mahmoud, and Mehmet Ali.

"The growing power of the Pasha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stambool, that Mehmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliphat.

"In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mehmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople, of the toils that were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

"At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success.

"He had in the imperial harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent.

"The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the east; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditionary superstition.

"He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her, that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mehmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great padisha.

"He observed to her, how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires.

"But, in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would pre-

sent her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. 'Watch,' said he, 'a favourable moment, when the pasha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever.'

"The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the sultan to the very letter.

"In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents.

"Mehmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety.

"He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the Governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the pasha had long been jealous.

"The poor Georgian having lost a pasha, thought she must do her best to captivate her aga, and administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mehmet Ali. The aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands: in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

"When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the aga, she calmly denied the fact. 'What did you do to him?' was the question. 'I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring.'

"The ring, it was true, remained; but the *stone*, which it had encircled, was *melted in the water*."

On quitting Syria our traveller proceeded to Malta, from thence he repaired to Italy, and the account of his travels concludes with his arrival in Vienna. His book is amusing, but is not remarkable for either profundity or novelty: he describes what he saw hastily, and seldom stops to indulge in reflection. The Turks are rather partial to Englishmen, for our countrymen have contrived in Turkey, as elsewhere, to do just what they please. Pasha Abdalla, of Acre, being informed, by his kehaya, that a certain English traveller had the presumption to wear yellow boots and a white turban, said, "Dost thou not know that 'el Inglis' has a right to do as he pleases in the dominions of the sultan: if he wears his yellow boots upon his head, and his white turban on his heels, what is that to thee?"

DRESS OF THE FRENCH LADIES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS and the ladies belonging to her court wore their stays laced very tight, in order to render the waist as slender as possible; the corsage in front was terminated by a point which came very low, so that the waist was disproportionably long, and the skirt commenced from the hips; this was enormously full, and the sleeves were most ridiculously wide. Every lady had a bag suspended from her girdle; some carried in this bag their prayer-books, others a pack of cards. The forehead of every lady was entirely discovered; and the hair, divided on the head, fell down on each side, either crossed or curled; a great quantity of hair, mingled with ribands, ornamented the back of the head. Instead of a ruff they wore a standing-up collar, made of muslin, very stiffly starched. The cuffs at the wrists of their sleeves were ornamented at the upper part with ruffles; and, like the men, they wore a gold chain round their necks.

Compare this dress with that of a modern French belle! The likeness will be found striking, and prove "there is nothing new under the sun." Catharine de Medicis was, however, more wicked than *imbecille*—the title given to the ridiculous sleeves of the nineteenth century.

STANZAS.

WHEN the spring and the summer of life have departed,
  And with them all traces of childhood have borne,
And those radiant hopes, in youth, which imparted
  Delight to those scenes, in age dreary and lorn;

How reverse are the feelings with which we review them,
  When young all our day-dreams are airy and gay,
But proving ideal we no longer pursue them,
  But pause to reflect where the happiness lay.

To youth, who looks forward with bright expectation
  To scenes yet concealed through the vista of years,
How glowing the picture, how light the reflection,
  And no tint of gloom or of sadness appears.

The shady realities marked on life's pages,
  Are hid by the rays of uncertainty's sun,
But those fiery beams which illumine those ages,
  In fancy's bright visions must all be withdrawn.

AGNES.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Although the season grows late new books still continue to pour into the market. Within the preceding month have appeared two very remarkable novels, "Devereux," by the author of "Pelham," and "The New Forest," by the author of "Brambletye House." Both are unlike the former productions of these writers. The author of "Pelham" has betaken himself to a subject somewhat historical, and Mr. Smith no longer treats of the "olden time," its dusty memorials, and exploded manners. "The New Forest" is a tale of yesterday; and if it betrays less erudition than the author's former works it has the advantage of being infinitely more entertaining than any of them. "Devereux" is of a very different complexion; the writer has essayed an ambitious theme, and has not been altogether unsuccessful. His hero belonged to the reign of Queen Anne, and consorted with the great spirits of the age. Lord Bolingbroke was his intimate friend, and he frequently dined with Swift and Pope. The temptation to be dull was therefore irresistible; for more uninteresting society than that of literary men is not easily found. The author, however, atones for the dullness of the conversation by some happy sketches of character; but, unfortunately, they are somewhat out of place, for they do not facilitate the business of the story. There is now and then proofs of great affectation, in which this writer is too prone to indulge: and though he talks smartly about fashionable life, we question much if he is very intimately acquainted with the gay world. His talents, however, are of a very superior order, and he sketches a scene of busy life or deep passion with considerable felicity.

British travellers, in these times of peace, spread themselves over the globe: in our present and preceding numbers we have noticed the works of two who made their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and there are one or two other important books relating to the same country, of which we have yet to give a detailed account. But while some are busy exploring the old world, others are traversing the new. Lieutenant Maw, in his "Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic," brings us acquainted with regions which no Englishman had ever previously explored. He crossed the mighty Andes in the provinces of Peru, and then descended the river Marano, or Amazon. He saw, however, no ladies in armour, but he witnessed the extreme of savage life. Several of the Indians on this majestic river are still without clothes, and are hunted, like wild beasts, by the few Spanish settlers who have ventured into the wilderness. Mr. Maw was

assured the wretched natives devour each other. The regions through which he passed abound with birds and animals with which naturalists are not sufficiently acquainted; and, unfortunately, Mr. Maw's ignorance on the subject disqualified him from describing, with any degree of accuracy, the creatures which he saw. He seems to have listened with too eager an ear to the stories of the natives, and has been silly enough to insert in his journal an account of serpents, one of which filled a lake of several miles extent! Travellers of course see strange sights, but Mr. Maw is candid enough to acknowledge that he did not see this monster.

Captain Basil Hall has just published his "Travels in North America." It was known that he spent the years 1827 and 1828 amongst our transatlantic brethren, and that he was "putting them in a book." It was also known that he was a clever man, for his former publications had secured him much deserved praise, and therefore the announcement of his travels excited considerable curiosity. Every one seemed desirous to ascertain what an intelligent British officer would say of "brother Jonathan's good qualities," or whether he would confirm the vulgar pictures drawn of him by the ignorant speculators who have recently visited the United States. Perhaps these circumstances tended to excite too highly our expectations; for certain it is Captain Hall's book has disappointed us. The first volume treats of Canada, and is full of useful information: the other two relate to the United States, and betray in every page an eagerness to depreciate the inhabitants. It was not fair in our author to compare them to the people of England: they are necessarily inferior to us in the politeness and polish of life: luxury has not yet superinduced elegance and grace; and surely a little vulgarity is excusable where all are in some measure mechanics and farmers. A little reproof, however, will do Jonathan no disservice; the politest man amongst them does not hesitate to chew tobacco, and pollute the floor—be it that of a church or a drawing-room—with the superfluous juice of the "social weed." Ladies are fond of balancing themselves on the two hinder legs of their chairs: and in courts of justice, judges, barristers, and attorneys, are in the habit not only of lolling upon their seats, but of placing their feet upon the counsel table! This disregard of good manners is accompanied by disagreeable formalities. Captain Hall, describing a ball given in the city of Charleston, says, "The room was large, the ball handsomely got up, and every thing ordered in the best style, with one small exception—

the ladies and gentlemen appeared to be entire strangers to one another. The ladies were planted firmly along the walls, in the coldest possible formality, while the gentlemen, who, except during the dance, stood in close column near the door, seemed to have no fellow-feeling, nor any wish to associate with the opposite sex. In the ordinary business of their lives—I mean their busy, money-making, electioneering lives—the Americans have little or no time for companionship, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women, still less for any habitual confidential intercourse. Consequently, when they come together for the express purpose of amusement, those easy and familiar habits which are essential to the cheerfulness of a ball-room, or indeed of any room, are rarely to be found. In place of that unreserved but innocent freedom of manners which forms one of the highest charms of polished society elsewhere, I must say that I seldom observed any thing in America but the most respectful and icy propriety upon all occasions when young people of different sexes were brought together. Positively I never once, during the whole period I was in that country, saw any thing approaching, within many degrees, to what we should call a flirtation: I mean that sedulous and exclusive attention paid to one person above all others, and which may by that person not be unkindly received."

"The Life of John Locke," by Lord King, is a valuable addition to British biography, and serves to hold up the great philosopher in a most amiable light. From his letters and journals now first published, it appears he was a most affectionate son, a kind friend, and a worthy man. His good sense is conspicuous on all occasions, and, what appears a little strange, the author of the "Essay on Human Understanding" was a humourist. Some of his letters display considerable point, and his journal is filled with lively sallies of wit and ridicule.

A very curious book has been published within these few days, entitled "Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John." The editor is Mr. Richard Thomson, and in the notes and illustrations he has shown considerable reading. Magna Charta, we need not say, has long been regarded as the palladium of British liberty. It was wrung from a bad man in a moment of political emergency; and, in times of commotion, his royal successors were reluctantly compelled to confirm it by new and additional grants. These and the incidents connected with them form curious subjects of historical inquiry; and in pursuit of truth the editor of this very interesting volume has shown a very laudable zeal. The work is highly embellished; every page is bordered by

well drawn illustrations, and the book abounds with fac-similies of seals, signatures, and deeds.

There is as yet no end to new novels. "Old Court," in three volumes, is the work of a very intelligent mind, but it wants incident; and "Emily Moreland, or the Maid of the Valley," in three volumes, is the repetition of a tale which amused our great grandmothers. Emily is a secluded beauty whom every scoundrel in the country wishes to seduce—of course they all fail, and the heroine is ultimately happily married.

"The Adventures of a King's Page" is a tale of fashionable life, written by a Captain White, the author of "Almack's Revisited." It evinces considerable knowledge of high life, and many of the characters are made to represent some noted personages in the *haut ton*. The book will bear to be read.

Of course there has been no want of poetry during the month. "The Legend of Einsidlin, a Tale of Switzerland," by the Rev. William Liddiard, is full of poetry; but who now reads a poem of some three thousand lines? "The Brunswick, a Poem in Three Cantos," is of a more telling character, and does not, as the name might at first seem to imply, relate to party or politics. The author merely sings the fall of the Brunswick Theatre; and there is so much poetry and genius about him that he has made even this melancholy subject interesting. The poem is conceived in the spirit of Lord Byron, and the stanzas are formed on the model of "Don Juan." This is undoubtedly an objection, but though the imitation is obvious the poet is original. We must quote a stanza or two.

"The 'good old people' of 'the 'good old days,'
Who hail no innovations with respect,
But lavish on the past their plenteous praise,
Ascribed it to the march of intellect:
'If such new-fangled structures you will raise,
They must come down, what else can you expect?—
On your own heads,' said Bigot, 'be the blame!'
And he was right—for on their heads it came.

"Some people on the architect cried shame—
Some on the managers their strictures passed—
Some 'gainst the public folly did exclaim,
For hurrying there with such an eager haste.
Whom misery befalls men always blame
In this strange world in which our lot is cast,
The cup of woe, when once begun, soon fills—
Misfortune is a magnet to all ills.

"The days we live in, are they not the date
Of steam, and gas, and tunnels? though the first
Leads sometimes to a fire-and-watery fate,
The next explodes, the last are apt to burst;

Likewise of stomach-pumps, which, when yov've ate
And drank, restore your hunger and your thirst?
Whereby, in fact, you eat and drink for ever,
Which must extremely tantalize the liver."

After moralizing on the catastrophe, he continues, in ridicule of the vulgar taste for revolting "sights," such as executions, accidents, &c.

"I deprecate all pleasures of this sort,
But most my female readers I advise
To shun, not seek, the crowded anxious court,
Nor on the trembling culprit fix their eyes;
It is to make another's wo their sport.
Domitian began by teasing flies,
But came to smoth'ring wretches for his pleasure,
And other cruelties beyond all measure.

"Full well I know, my readers fair, that you
Must, being human, some excitement find;
Some take to literature, and turn blue—
Some with accomplishments amuse the mind—
Some choose religion—I know one or two
Extraordinary cases of the kind—
Some find their husband's friends extremely handy—
Some take to metaphysics;—some to brandy—

"In short, a thousand methods are pursued
To cheat the dull vacuity of living;
But that which does most evil and least good,
Is this perception of another's grieving;
A taste which cannot be too soon subdued:—
Pray, gentle ladies, take the hint I'm giving;
I seldom moralize, and never preach
But when I really have some good to teach."

It is contended by some writers that the taste for poetry becomes feeble as we grow old, and that the mind, experienced in the deceitfulness of "cheating pleasures," loses a relish for every thing but realities. Whether this be true or not there can be no doubt that youth never fails to find delight in poetry; and perhaps those whose business it is to watch over the "rising generation" do not sufficiently attend to this fact. Selections from classical poets are not always suited to the infant mind, and "poetry for children" is too often mere nonsense. We do not see why poetry should not be written by persons of taste for little as well as big men and women, and we are glad to find the author of a little book before us, "Cottage Poetry," of this opinion. We can safely recommend his verses to parents; they are not above the comprehension of a school boy, and yet will bear to be read by "children of a larger growth."

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. III.

THERE has been as yet, my dear Julia, no sensible diminution in the fashionable throng which crowds Bond Street and the Park. "Rotten Row" is still filled with vehicles; and "routs" and "at homes" are not yet voted unseasonable. In a few weeks, however, we expect to see the west end deserted; and as the time of departure to green fields, nightingales, and purling brooks draws near, those "who live to please" are solicitous to reap the full advantage of the countenance of the nobility while yet in town. Every week we have a benefit or two at the King's Theatre, and nearly every morning a concert somewhere. Sontag and Malibran are, of course, the leading stars in these musical entertainments; but, much as I admire their talents, I am of opinion that they should not be permitted to exclude decided merit from the stage. A week or two since Curioni took his benefit at the King's Theatre, when the part of "Semiramide" was sustained by Mademoiselle Blasis with majestic grace and easy dignity, which shows that in keeping this lady in the background the manager has done injustice to the public. She has decidedly no equal except Pasta.

Some musical novelties are in preparation for next season. An exclusive set of the *haut ton* have entered into a subscription for the purpose of opening the Argyll Rooms with a mélange of opera, drama, and other entertainments, on the nights of Tuesdays and Fridays. The names of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aylesbury, and the Countess San Antonio are at the head of the list; Mr. Welsh is to be manager, and Velluti musical leader. Laporte is preparing to encounter this rivalry. Sontag and Malibran are to remain, and Lalande, the prima donna of Naples, is to pay us a visit.

The winter theatres are now closed. Neither house is very prosperous. The committee who superintends the affairs of Drury Lane has abated nearly two thousand pounds of last years' rent to Mr. Price, and Covent Garden is still in Chancery. This vast property is being rapidly ruined.

In the mean time the summer theatres are pursuing a more prosperous career. Some very amusing pieces have already been produced. "The Sister of Charity," by Mr. Banim, the author of the O'Hara Tales, fills the English Opera nightly. Miss Kelly's acting would redeem a less interesting drama.

On Wednesday, the 22d of July, I paid another visit to Vauxhall Gardens. It was a gala evening, and the scene was truly enchanting. The thirty thousand lamps emitted a brilliant blaze, yet were far less dazzling than the crowd of beauty and

fashion which moved beneath their simultaneous glare. I never saw this place of amusement better attended; and as I am one of those who delight in happy human faces, I derived a full measure of pleasure from this evening's entertainment. A theatre is too artificial—too confined a place for a display of happiness: your business there is to look on, to receive pleasure through the medium of your eyes and ears, and to breathe an atmosphere very far from healthy; but in Vauxhall you derive pleasure not only from sight and sound, but from the free enjoyment of your own limbs. It delights me to see little children enjoy themselves; and nowhere is their draught of pleasure so ample and so sweet as in Vauxhall. The entertainments were really creditable to those who cater here for the amusement of the visitors. The singing was tolerable, and Weekes's Irish song was given with great skill and humour. He subsequently performed in a kind of interlude the part of an Irish sergeant, and it was evident that the brogue was quite natural to him—it is his mother tongue. He is decidedly the best "Irishman" on the stage at present. The other performers acquitted themselves very fairly. The fire-works were extremely grand and imposing, and as the night was unusually fine the promenading continued to a late, or rather an early, hour.

I was prevailed on yesterday by Captain D—— to accompany him and his sister to the Zoological Gardens. They continue to be a fashionable resort; and people really seem to take an interest in natural history. The society has purchased some ground beyond the boundaries of the park, the entrance to which will be through a spacious tunnel under the road. The popularity of these gardens has rendered this necessary, and I perceive that several animals, curious and foreign, have been recently added to the collection. I find that a monthly publication is about to appear, descriptive of these gardens and their inhabitants. It will abound with engravings, some specimens of which have been circulated: they are really beautiful.

You have heard, no doubt, of the dubious fashionable who has been attending, unbidden, all the select parties of the season. No one knew him, and it was not necessary, for he danced gracefully, bowed politely, and abounded in small talk. Emboldened by a long career of impunity he ventured to seek an introduction to Lord Liverpool, with whose daughter he had been dancing. His lordship had not the honour of knowing him—the stranger was surprised—gave a reference—a bad one—and was detected! What has become of him? Who is he? Adieu, &c.

HOME COSTUME.

A DRESS of ethereal-blue gros de Naples, made partially high, with two bias folds round the border of the skirt, edged by a narrow rouleau of a blue two shades darker. The body made plain, and the sleeves moderately wide, confined at the wrists by bracelets of green and gold enamel, fastened by a large emerald set round with pearls. The mancherons surmounting the sleeves formed of three frill ornaments, pointed, of the same material as the dress. A fichu of plain tulle, worn underneath, conceals the neck, and is surmounted by a triple ruff of bouffont net, fastened in front with a bow of pale pink riband. Cap of blond, *à la fiancée*, slightly ornamented with pink riband, strings of which float over the shoulders. Ear-rings and neck-chain of gold.

EVENING DRESS.

Over a white satin slip a dress of pink crape; the border finished by two rows of ornaments, in diamonds, formed of pink satin rouleaux. The sleeves are short, and immensely full, with mancherons *à la Psyche*, composed of three rows of broad white blond. The body is *à la Sevigné*. The hair arranged on each side of the face in elegant, and rather full, curls: it is elevated on the summit, but in good taste, and the Apollo-knot is encircled at the base by an ornament of wrought gold, through the open-work of which a few small flowers are perceptible: across the forehead is a chain-bandeau of pearls, of which valuable articles are the ear-pendants and necklace; the former in pear-pearls, the latter consisting of two rows of very large pearls, fastened in front by a splendid ruby, set round with small pearls.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Public breakfasts, with elegant morning concerts at a short distance from London, are now almost the only vestiges remaining of the near presence of the rich and noble: these too, are now in their wane, and grand evening parties in town, and splendid dress balls are no more. In the country, to which there have been many departures, both for the splendid mansions and parks of our nobility, and of the gentry, to the sea coast, have succeeded the rural dance and the amateur concert. Those who preside over fashionable costume are not idle; they impart a charm and grace to the pastoral scene; and the changes which have taken place in female attire, appropriate to the summer months, we have now the satisfaction of detailing to our fair readers.

Printed muslins, either of a white ground, or of some beautiful

HOME COSTUME. EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR AUGUST, 1829.

Published by James Robins & Co. London.

14
48
SEP

light summer colour, are articles much in request for home dresses: the patterns are exquisite, whether in stripes, wreaths, or detached bouquets, and the colours splendidly variegated: such dresses are generally trimmed with one broad flounce round the border. When white muslin dresses are worn at balls or dinner parties in the country, where some style of dress is requisite, they are of the finest Indian manufacture, and are superbly embroidered. Dresses of gros de Naples, of stone-colour, claret, and other unobtrusive colours, are much worn by matronly ladies; the sleeves are short, and are of the same material as the dress; but over these are long transparent sleeves of white tulle: these, we are sorry to say, are yet *à l'imbecille;* the corsage most admired is *en gerbe;* the skirt is generally bordered by two bias folds, set on rather full. Fringe has been introduced on many dresses as a trimming, but it does not seem likely to become very prevalent. The dresses for the morning, either white or coloured muslin, are ornamented with a broad hem at the border, headed by a ruche; this hem comes as high as the knees. The dresses for the evening still continue to display the back and shoulders.

The bonnets for the morning walks in the country are as plain as possible; they are somewhat in the cottage shape, but larger; they are usually lined with some very bright colour, such as rose-colour, or a blue, approaching to that of the corn-flower. The hats fly very much off the face, but those of silk or satin have generally a deep white blond at the edge of the brim, which prevents the entire exposing of the face. Coloured crape bonnets of the close capote kind have been seen to great advantage on some pretty young females; they do not, however, seem likely to prevail so much as we could wish; they are a very charming head-covering for the season, and there are few faces they do not become; only a judicious choice in the colour best suited to the complexion should always be observed. The large, most unbecoming, and troublesome straw and Leghorn hats, called the reapers' hats, are too much in favour, and make us compassionate the taste which can prefer the *ridiculous* to the *elegant*. In vain their patronesses plead their being a shelter against the sun; the comfortable cottage bonnet, tied down, is much more so; as to the reapers' hats, the least gust of wind renders the wearers the most grotesque figures imaginable; youth and extreme beauty alone can authorize such disguises; we last week saw a matron who has no pretensions to either, yet is an agreeable-looking woman enough; but she excited an universal titter, by a hat of fine Leghorn, almost as large as a chariot-wheel. All carriage

hats, which are now of a moderate and becoming size, among those who are really women of taste, whether of silk, Leghorn, or chip, are tied down under the brim, by a *mentonniére* of blond.

Over a coloured petticoat of gros de Naples, or a Jacanot-muslin dress all of one colour, canezou spencers of plain white muslin form as favourite an out-door costume as they have for these three years past. The morning pelisses are made with a large pelerine cape, and muslin pelerines, richly embroidered, or trimmed round with very broad lace, are favourite accessories to a high dress for the promenade. Ladies appear now to have a predilection for every article of dress being of immense magnitude; these pelerines, beautiful as to shape, and often of the most costly materials, are frightful from the immensity of their size; they are as large as mantelets, without having their graceful elegance; and so disfigured, the most delicate form appears to have a back and shoulders equal to those of a colossal statue of Hercules.

Dress hats of coloured crape are worn at public breakfasts and rural fêtes; they are trimmed with gauze ribands, and tastefully ornamented with flowers; these are disposed in elegant branches. Flowers are placed in the hair of young persons at dress parties; but, in general, the attractive charm of a fine head of hair is not destroyed by any ornament: it is most charmingly arranged, with graceful simplicity, and we hope the present truly becoming manner of disposing this beauteous gift of nature will long be in favour. There is no monotony in it; for every young lady seems to arrange her hair in the style most suitable to her features. We never make our work a vehicle for puffing of any kind; yet we must confess, that since the arrival of M. Naudin, the French *artist*, from Paris, the English ladies have essentially improved in the manner of dressing their hair, as best accords with their different countenances. The turbans and berets are chiefly of crape; but turban-caps are most prevalent, and are very beautiful; those, however, of coloured crape are rather too profusely ornamented; those of blond are much more simply so; but the blond is so very rich in itself, that its beauty would be destroyed by too much adorning; and it is also for a different style of dress and time of day: the coloured crape is for the dress, dinner, or evening parties; it is folded in bias, and the flowers which fill the interstices where the folds are caught up on the temple are of the finest workmanship and the most brilliant hues. The gauze riband, the puffs of which ornament the crown, is broad,

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

WALKING DRESS. MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR AUGUST, 1839.

Published by James Robins & Co. London.

and of extreme richness in colour and pattern: in the strings, which float over the bust and shoulders, lower than the sash, this breadth is increased by their being trimmed round the edges with narrow white blond.

The colours most admired are claret, dust-of-ruins, ethereal-blue, pink, lilac, and emerald-green.

Modes de Paris.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A petticoat of rose-coloured muslin, with a very broad hem at the border, worked at the head in flowers of black embroidery. Canezou spencer of fine white muslin, with sleeves *à l'imbecille*, terminated at the wrists by lace ruffles. Collar *à la fiancée*, of gros de Naples, lapis, and pink. A full ruff of lace encircles the throat. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with rose-coloured riband, and pink double garden-poppies. Reticule of pink gros de Naples, striped with black.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of canary-yellow gros de Naples, with a broad hem at the skirt, headed by six narrow tucks, falling over each other. Canezou spencer of white muslin, with a blue *fiancée* collar, edged and spotted with black; and a belt to correspond with this confines the waist. A full triple ruff of lace encircles the throat. The hat is of straw, trimmed with white riband and the blue flower "forget me not."

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN JULY, 1829.

The predilection for bonnets, which the French ladies name *English* bonnets, may justly be styled a rage. Fifteen and fifty alike have their heads covered with a close straw bonnet; and they are the promenade uniform from noon till two o'clock after. They are either of straw closely platted and sewn together, or of open straw, and sometimes of the Bristol manufacture, in imitation of Leghorn. They are lined with blue, rose-colour, or yellow, and are tied with ribands of the same colour, forming a band round the crown, and crossing in front; this riband is all their ornament. The most fashionable females have these bonnets made of white chip, lined with coloured crape. The bonnets, and they are more worn than hats, are of various kinds; those reckoned most elegant have the brims of chip, with cauls of blue, rose-colour, or yellow gros de Naples. There are some hats composed of gauze riband of two different colours, sewn one against the other. The brim is scalloped at the edge, and the crown is lined; only the brim is transparent, and is kept in

shape by wired riband placed underneath. There are many hats of two colours; and the bows and strings are of the same.

Jacanot muslin pelisses, with a pelerine of the same, continue to be much worn in rural promenades; and the canezou spencers, formerly of plain muslin, are now beautifully embroidered; they are worn with white dresses, now again increasing in favour. The pelerines, the same as a dress, are much larger than they were in the winter, and fall very low over the shoulders. Scarfs are much in requisition, particularly in blue sarsnet, and are either crossed over the bust or disposed in elegant drapery, according to the temperature of the weather.

A lilac pelisse has been much admired in the evening promenade; it was of poplin, ornamented with satin *pattes*, rouleaux, and flounces of blond; these flounces, of which there were two, were separated by two rouleaux of lilac satin: the skirt was laid in full large plaits on each hip.

Indian taffeties, worked in flat embroidery in floize silk, are very fashionable for dresses, as are those of gros de Naples, beautifully painted: the trimming at the borders of these last-mentioned, consists of a broad hem, above the head of which are placed three narrow trimmings in festoons, of the same shades as those in the dress. White muslin, richly embroidered, is also a favourite article for tunique-robes and petticoats. Fringes are likely to be favourite trimmings; they are, at present, universally patronized, and are expected to last during the summer season: gowns of canary-yellow silk, with embroidery of lilac, is a summer dress which has excited much admiration. The sleeves continue to be made *à l'imbecille*; but instead of being plain, when of muslin, as they were at first, they are now splendidly embroidered.

Small muslin caps are worn in *dejeuné costume*, with lappets of lace, which fastening the cap under the chin are then carried up to the summit of the crown, where they are tied in a bow. The hair is elegantly arranged, and with peculiar care: a few flowers, and a white veil of blond, gauze, or lace, are sometimes added in dress parties, where there is no dancing. A dress hat of silk appeared at the Louvre, checquered with white and rose-colour. It was ornamented with garden poppies and white roses. Crêpe berets at dress parties are ornamented with flowers of exquisite beauty; they are light and downy as the real marabout feathers.

The colours most in favour are blue, pink, *Jaune-vapeur*, chesnut-brown, celestial-blue, Indian-green, and chamois.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP